WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22281) LONDON, 1599 THE BRITISH LI

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THE

HISTORY OF

HENRIE THE FOVRTH;

With the battell at Shrewsburie,
betweene the King and Lord Henry
Percy, *surnamed* Henry Hot-
spur of the North.

VVith the humorous conceits of Sir
Iohn Falstaffe.

Newly corrected by *W. Shake-speare.*
Geo. Steevens

AT LONDON,
Printed by *S. S.* for *Andrew VVise*, dwelling
in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of
the Angell. 1599.

THE HISTORIE OF Henry the fourth.

Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of VVeſtmerland, with others.

King.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breath ſhort winded accẽts of new broils
To be commenc't in ſtronds a far remote:
No more the thirſty entrance of this ſoile
Shal dawbe her lips with her owne childrens
No more ſhall trenching war channel her fields, (blood,
Nor bruiſe her flourets with the armed hoofes
Of hoſtile paces: thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the meteors of a troubled heauen,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meete in the inteſtine ſhocke
And furious cloſe of ciuill butcherie,
Shall now in mutuall welbeſeeming rancks,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred and allyes.
The edge of war, like an ill ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his maſter: therefore friends,
As far as to the ſepulchre of Chriſt,
Whoſe ſouldiour now, vnder whoſe bleſſed croſſe
We are impreſſed and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of Engliſh ſhall we leuy,
Whoſe armes were moulded in their mothers wombe,
To chaſe theſe Pagans in thoſe holy fields,
Ouer whoſe acres walkt thoſe bleſſed feet,

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Which 1400. yeers ago were naild,
For our aduantage on the bitter croſſe.
But this our purpoſe now is twelue month old,
And bootleſſe t'is to tell you we wil goe.
Therefore we meet not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cooſen Weſtmerland,
What yeſter night our Counſell did decree
In forwarding this deere expedience.
Weſt. My liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the charge ſet downe
But yeſternight, when all athwart there came
A poſt from Wales, loaden with heauy newes,
Whoſe worſt was that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herdforſhire to fight
Againſt the irregular, and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
A thouſand of his people butchered,
Vpon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly ſhameleſſe transformation
By thoſe Welchwomen done, as may not be
Without much ſhame, retold, or ſpoken of.
King. It ſeemes then that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our buſineſſe for the holy Land.
Weſt. This matcht with other did my gracious L.
For more vneuen and vnwelcome newes
Came from the North, and thus it did import,
On holy roode day, the gallant Hotſpur there,
Yong Harry Percy, and braue Archibold,
That euer valiant and approued Scot,
At Holmedon met, where they did ſpend
A ſad and bloudy houre:
As by diſcharge of their artillery,
And ſhape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horſe
Vncertaine of the iſſue any way.
King. Here is deare, a true induſtrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horſe.

Stain'd

Stain'd with the variation of each ſoile,
Betwixt that Holmedon, and this ſeate of ours:
And he hath brought vs ſmoothe and welcome newes,
The Earle of *Douglas* is diſcomfited,
Ten thouſand bold Scots, two and twentie knights
Balkt in their owne blood. Did ſir Walter ſee
On Holmedons plaines, of priſoners Hotſpur tooke
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldeſt ſonne
To beaten Douglas, and the Earle of Athol,
Of Murrey, Angus, and Menteith:
And is not this an honorable ſpoile?
A gallant prize? Ha cooſen, is it not? In faith it is.
Weſt. A conqueſt for a Prince to boaſt of.
King. Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſinne
In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to ſo bleſt a ſonne:
A ſonne who is the theame of honors tongue,
Amongſt a groue the very ſtraighteſt plant,
Who is ſweet fortunes minion and her pride,
Whilſt I by looking on the praiſe of him
See ryot and diſhonour ſtaine the brow
Of my yong Harry. O that it could be prou'd
That ſome night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle clothes our children where they ſay,
And cal'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet,
Then would I haue his Harry, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you cooſe
Of this young Percies pride? The priſoners
Which he in this aduenture hath ſurpriz'd
To his owne vſe, he keepes and ſends me word,
I ſhall haue none but Mordake Earle of Fife.
Weſt. This is his vncles teaching: This is Worceſter,
Maleuolent to you in all aſpects,
Which makes him prune himſelfe, and briſtle vp
The creſt of youth againſt your dignitie.
King. But I haue ſent for him to anſwere this:
And for this cauſe, a while we muſt neglect
Our holy purpoſe to Ieruſalem.

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Cooſen, on wedneſday next our Counſel we will hold.
At Windſore, ſo informe the Lordes:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to vs againe,
For more is to be ſaid and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

Weſt. I will, my liege. *Exeunt.*

Enter prince of VVales & Sir Iohn Falſtalffe.

Falſ. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of olde ſacke, and vnbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping vpon benches after noone; that thou haſt forgotten to demaund that truely which thou wouldeſt truely know. What a deuill haſt thou to doe with the time of the day? vnles houres were cups of ſacke, and minutes capons, and clockes the tongues of Baudes, and Dialles the ſignes of leaping houſes, and the bleſſed ſunne himſelfe a faire hot wench in flame-coulered taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt be ſuperfluous to demaunde the time of the day.

Falſ. Indeede you come neere mee nowe *Hal*, for wee that take purſes, goe by the moone and the ſeuen ſtarres, and not by *Phoebus*, he, that wandring knight ſo faire: and I prethe ſweete wag, when thou art king, as God ſaue thy grace: maieſtie I ſhould ſay, for grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What none?

Falſ. No, by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerue to bee prologue to an egge and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falſ. Mary then, ſweet wag, when thou art king, let not vs that are ſquires of the nights body, bee called theeues of the dayes beautie: let vs bee *Dianaes* forreſters, gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the moone, and let men ſay, wee bee men of good gouernement, being gouerned as the ſea is, by our noble and chaſte miſtreſſe the moone, vnder whoſe countenance we ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſaieſt well, and it holds wel too, for the fortune of vs that are the moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the ſea, being gouerned as the ſea is by the moone, as for proofe. Now a purſe

a purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatcht on Munday night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tueſday morning, got with ſwearing, lay by, and ſpent with crying, bring in, now in as low an ebbe as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallowes.

Falſ. By the Lord thou ſaiſt true lad, and is not my hoſteſſe of the tauerne a moſt ſweet wench?

Prin. As the hony of *Hibla* my old lad of the caſtle, and is not a buffe Ierkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

Falſ. How now, how now mad wagge, what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague haue I to doe with a buffe Ierkin?

Prince. Why what a poxe haue I to doe with my hoſteſſe of the tauerne?

Falſ. Well, thou haſt cald her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Falſ. No, ile giue thee thy due, thou haſt paid all there.

Prin. Yea and elſe where, ſo far as my coyne would ſtretch, and where it would not I haue vſed my credit.

Falſ. Yea, and ſo vſ'd it, that were it not here apparant that thou art heire apparant. But I prethe ſweet wag, ſhall there bee gallowes ſtanding in England when thou art king? and reſolution thus fubd as it is with the ruſtie curbe of old father Antick the law, doe not thou when thou art king hang a theefe.

Prince. No, thou ſhalt.

Falſ. Shall I? O rare! by the Lord ile be a braue iudge.

Prince. Thou iudgeſt falſe already, I meane thou ſhalt haue the hanging of the theeues, and ſo become a rare hangman.

Falſ. Well, *Hal*, well, and in ſome ſort it iumpes with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of ſutes?

Falſ. Yea, for obtaining of ſuites, whereof the hangman hath no leane wardrob. Zblood I am as melancholy as a gyb Cat, or a lugd Beare.

Prince. Or an old Lyon, or a louers Lute.

Falſ. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnſhire bagpipe.

Prince. What ſayeſt thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of Mooreditch?

Mooreditch?

Falſ. Thou haſt the moſt vnſauory ſmiles, and art indeed the moſt comparatiue raſcallieſt ſweet yong Prince. But *Hal*, I prethe trouble me no more with vanitie, I would to God thou and I knew where a commoditie of good names were to bee bought: an olde Lorde of the counſell rated me the other day in the ſtreete about you ſir, but I markt him not, and yet hee talkt very wiſely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wiſely and in the ſtreet to.

Prince. Thou didſt wel, for wiſedom cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.

Falſ. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a ſaint: thou haſt done much harme vnto mee, *Hal*, God forgiue thee for it: before I knewe thee *Hal*, I knewe nothing, and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeake truely, little better then one of the wicked: I muſt giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: by the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine, ile bee damnd for neuer a kings ſonne in Chriſtendom.

Prin. Where ſhall we take a purſe to morrow-Iacke?

Falſ. Zounds where thou wilt lad, ile make one, an I do not call me villaine and baffell me.

Prin. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee, from praying, to purſe-taking.

Fal. Why, *Hal*, t'is my vocation *Hal*, t'is no ſinne for a man to labour in his vocation. *Enter Poines.*

Poynes, nowe ſhall we knowe if Gads hill haue ſet a match. O, if men were to be ſaued by merit, what hole in hel were hot enough for him? this is the moſt omnipotent villaine that euer cryed ſtand, to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow, *Ned.*

Poines. Good morrow ſweete *Hal.* What ſaies Monſieur remorſe? what ſayes ſir Iohn Sacke, and Sugar Iacke? howe agrees the deuill and thee about thy ſoule that thou ſouldeſt him on good Friday laſt, for a cup of Medera and a cold capons legge?

Prince. Sir Iohn ſtands to his word, the deuill ſhall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a breaker of prouerbes: he will giue the diuell his due.

Poines

Poynes. Then art thou damnd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

Prince. Elſe he had bin damnd for cooſening the diuell.

Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are pilgrims going to Canturburie with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purſes. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horſes for your ſelues, Gadſhill lies to night in Rocheſter, I haue beſpoke ſupper to morrow night in Eaſtcheape: we may doe it as ſecure as ſleepe: if you will goe, I will ſtuffe your purſes full of crownes: if you will not, tarie at home and be hangd.

Falſ. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarrie at home and goe not, i'le hang you for going.

Po. You will chops.

Falſ. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a thiefe? not I by my faith.

Falſ. Ther's neither honeſtie, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee, nor thou cameſt not of the bloud royall, if thou dareſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

Prince. Well then, once in my dayes i'le be a madcap.

Falſt. Why that's well ſaid.

Prin. Well, come what will, i'le tarrie at home.

Falſ. By the lord, i'le be a traitor then, when thou art king.

Prin. I care not.

Po. Sir Iohn, I prethe leaue the prince and me alone, I will lay him downe ſuch reaſons for this aduenture, that he ſhal go.

Falſ. Wel, God giue thee the ſpirit of perſwaſion, and him the eares of profiting, that what thou ſpeakeſt may moue, and what he heares, may be beleeued, that the true prince may (for recreation ſake) proue a falſe thiefe, for the poore abuſes of the time want countenance: farewel, you ſhal find me in Eaſtcheap

Prin. Farewel the latter ſpring, farewel Alhallowne ſummer.

Poin. Now my good ſweet hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow, I haue a ieaſt to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falſtaffe, Harvey, Roſsill, and Gadſhil, ſhal rob thoſe men that we haue already way-laid, your ſelfe and I will not bee there: and when they haue the bootie, if you and I doe not rob them, cut this head off from my ſhoulders.

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Prin. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Po. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; and then will they aduenture vpō the exploit themselues, which they shall haue no sooner atchieued, but wee'le set vpon them.

Prin. Yea: but t'is like that they will know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our selues.

Po. Tut, our horses they shal not see, i'le tie thē in the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leaue them: and sirra, I haue cases of Buckrom for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

Po. Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as true bred cowards as euer turnd backe: and for the third, if he fight longer then he sees reason, Ile forsweare armes. The vertue of this leaste will be the incomprehensible lies, that this same fat rogue will tell vs when wee meet at supper, how thirtie at least hee fought with, what wards, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of this lyes the leaste.

Prince. Well, i'le goe with thee, prouide vs all things necessarie, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there i'le sup: farewell.

Po. Farewell my Lord. *Exit Poines.*

Prin. I know you all, and will a while vphold
The vnyokt humour of your idlenesse,
Yet herein will I imitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother vp his beautie from the world,
That when he please againe to be himselfe,
Being wanted he may be more wondred at
By breaking through the foule and vgly mists
Of vapours that did seeme to strangle him.
If all the yeere were playing holy-dayes,
To sport would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they seldome come, they wisht for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents:
So when this loose behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promised,

By how much better then my word I am,
By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,
And like bright mettall on a sullen ground,
My reformation glittring or'e my fault,
Shal shew more goodly, and attract more eies
Then that which hath no foile to set it off.
Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time when men thinke least I will. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, With others.

King. My blood hath bin too cold and temperate,
Vnapt to stir at these indignities,
And you haue found me, for accordingly
You tread vpon my patience, but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be my selfe
Mightie, and to be feard, then my condition,
Which hath bin smooth as oyle, soft as yong downe,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soule ne're payes but to the proud.

Wor. Our house (my soueraigne liege) little deserues
The scourge of greatnesse to be vsed on it,
And that same greatnesse to, which our owne hands
Haue holpe to make so portly. *North.* My Lord.

King. Worcester, get thee gone, for I doe see
Danger, and disobedience in thine eie:
O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptorie,
And Maiestie might neuer yet endure
The moodie frontier of a seruant brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs: when we need
Your vse & counsell, we shall send for you. *Exit Wor.*
You were about to speake.

North. Yea, my good Lord.
Those prisoners in your highnes name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon tooke,
Were as he saies, not with such strength denied
As is deliuered to your maiestie.
Either enuie therefore, or misprision,
Is guiltie of this fault, and not my sonne.

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Hotſp. My liege, I did denie no priſoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage, and extreme toyle,
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my ſword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly dreſt,
Freſh as a bridegroome, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a ſtubble land at harueſt home,
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And twixt his finger and his thumbe he held
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon
He gaue his noſe, and took't away againe,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there:
Tooke it in ſuffe, and ſtill he ſmild and talkt:
And as the ſouldiours bore dead bodies by,
He cald them vntaught knaues, vnmanerly,
To bring a ſlouenly vnhandſome coarſe
Betwixt the wind and his nobilitie:
With many holy-day and ladie tearmes
He queſtioned me, amongſt the reſt demanded
My priſoners in your Maieſties behalfe.
I then, all ſmarting with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſtred with a Popingay,
Out of my griefe and my impatience
Anſwered neglectingly, I know not what,
He ſhould, or he ſhould not, for he made me mad
To ſee him ſhine ſo briske, and ſmell ſo ſweete,
And talke ſo like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God ſaue the marke:
And telling me, the ſoueraigneſt thing on earth,
Was Parmacitie, for an inward bruiſe,
And that it was great pitie, ſo it was,
This villanous ſaltpeeter, ſhould be digd
Out of the bowels of the harmeles earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroyed:
So cowardly, and but for theſe vile guns,
He would himſelfe haue bene a ſouldiour.
This bald vnioynted chat of his (my Lord)
I anſwered indirectly (as I ſaid)

And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come currant for an accuſation
Betwixt my loue and your high maieſtie.
Blunt. The circumſtance conſidered, good my lord,
What e're *Harry Percy* then had ſaid
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably die, and neuer riſe
To doe him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he vnſay it now.
King. Why yet he doth denie his priſoners,
But with prouiſo and exception,
That we at our owne charge ſhall ranſome ſtraight
His brother in law, the fooliſh Mortimer,
Who on my ſoule, hath wilfully betraid
The liues of thoſe, that he did lead to fight
Againſt that great Magician, damned Glendower,
Whoſe daughter as we heare, the Earle of March
Hath lately married; ſhall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeeme a traitor home?
Shall we buy treaſon? and indent with feares
When they haue loſt and forfeited themſelues?
No, on the barren mountaine let him ſtar ue:
For I ſhall neuer hold that man my friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aske me for one penny coſt
To ranſome home reuolted Mortimer.
Hot. Reuolted Mortimer?
He neuer did fall off, my ſoueraigne liege,
But by the chance of war: to proue that true
Needs no more but one tongue: for all thoſe wounds,
Thoſe mouthed wounds which valiantly he tooke,
When on the gentle Seuerns ſledgie banke,
In ſingle oppoſition hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an houre,
In changing hardiment with great Glendower,
Three times they breathd, & three times did they drinke
Vpon agreement of ſwift Seuerns floud,
Who then affrighted with their bloudie lookes,

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Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his criſpe-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-ſtained with theſe valiant combatants,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble Mortimer
Receiue ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be ſlandered with reuolt.
King. Thou doeſt bely him Percy, thou doeſt bely him,
He neuer did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee he durſt as well haue met the deuill alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemie.
Art thou not aſham'd? but ſirra, henceforth
Let me not heare you ſpeake of Mortimer:
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt meanes,
Or you ſhall heare in ſuch a kinde from me
As will diſpleaſe you. My Lord Northumberland,
We licence your departure with your ſonne,
Send vs your priſoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*
Hot. And if the deuill come and rore for them,
I wil not ſend them: I will after ſtraight
And tell him ſo, for I will eaſe my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.
North. What? drunke with choler? ſtay and pauſe a while,
Here comes your vncle. *Enter Wor.*
Hot. Speake of Mortimer?
Zoundes I will ſpeake of him: and let my ſoule
Want mercie, if I doe not ioyne with him:
Yea, on his part Ile emptie all theſe vaines,
And ſhead my deare blood, drop by drop in the duſt,
But I will lift the downe-trod Mortimer
As high in the aire as this vnthankefull king,
As this ingrate and cankred Bullingbrooke.
North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.
Wor. Who ſtrooke this heate vp after I was gone?
Hot. He will forſooth haue all my priſoners,
And when I vrg'd the ranſome once agayne
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke looke pale,

And

And on my face he turn'd an eie of death,
Trembling euen at the name of Mortimer.
Wor. I cannot blame him, was not he proclaim'd
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?
North. He was, I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the vnhappie king,
(Whoſe wrongs in vs God pardō) did ſet forth
Vpon his Iriſh expedition;
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd, and ſhortly murdered.
Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Liue ſcandaliz'd and fouly ſpoken of.
Hot. But ſoft I pray you, did king Richard then
Proclaime my brother Mortimer
Heire to the crowne?
North. He did, my ſelfe did heare it.
Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cooſen king,
That wiſht him on the barren mountaines ſtarue.
But ſhall it be that you that ſet the crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his ſake weare the detеſted blot
Of murtherous ſubornation? ſhall it be
That you a world of curſes vndergo,
Being the agents, or baſe ſecond meanes,
The cordes, the ladder, or the hangman rather:
O pardon me, that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range vnder this ſubtil king.
Shall it for ſhame be ſpoken in theſe dayes,
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an vniuſt behalfe,
(As both of you God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe Richard that ſweet louely Roſe,
And plant this thorne, this canker Bullingbrooke?
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhooke off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye vnderwent?

No,

No, yet time ſerues, wherein you may redeeme
Your baniſht honors, and reſtore your ſelues,
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reuenge the ieering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwere all the debt he owes to you,
Euen with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay.
Wor. Peace coſen, ſay no more.
And now I will vnclaſpe a ſecret booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing diſcontents
Ile reade you matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous ſpirit,
As to o'rewalke a Current roring lowd,
On the vnſtedfaſt footing of a ſpeare.
Hot. If he fall in, good-night, or ſincke, or ſwim,
Send danger from the Eaſt vnto the Weſt,
So honor croſſe it, from the North to South,
And let them grapple: O the bloud more ſtirs
To rouſe a lyon than to ſtart a hare.
North. Imagination of ſome great exploit
Driues him beyond the bounds of patience.
Hot. By heauen me thinkes it were an eaſie leape,
To plucke bright honor from the palefac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where fadome line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeeme her thence might weare
Without corriuall all her dignities:
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowſhip.
Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the forme of what he ſhould attend,
Good coſen giue me audience for a while.
Hot. I crie you mercy.
Wor. Thoſe ſame noble Scots that are your priſoners
Hot. Ile keepe them all;
By God he ſhall not haue a Scot of them,
No, if a Scot would ſaue his ſoule he ſhall not.

Ile

Ile keepe them by this hand.
Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no eare vnto my purpoſes:
Thoſe priſoners you ſhall keepe.
Hot. Nay, I will: that's flat:
He ſaid he would not ranſome Mortimer,
Forbad my tongue to ſpeake of Mortimer,
But I will finde him when he lies aſleepe,
And in his eare Ile hollow Mortimer:
Nay, ile haue a ſtarling ſhalbe taught to ſpeake
Nothing but Mortimer, and giue it him
To keepe his anger ſtill in motion.
Wor. Heare you coſen, a word.
Hot. All ſtudies here I ſolemnly defie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke,
And that ſame ſword and buckler prince of Wales,
But that I thinke his father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance:
I would haue him poiſoned with a pot of Ale.
Wor. Farewell kinſman, ile talke to you
When you are better tempered to attend.
Nor. Why what a waſpe-tongue and impatient foole
Art thou? to breake into this womans moode,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?
Hot. Why looke you, I am whipt and ſcour'gd with rods,
Netled, and ſtung with piſmires, when I heare
Of this vile polititian Bullingbrooke,
In Richards time, what do you call the place?
A plague vpon it, it is in Gloceſterſhire;
T'was where the mad-cap duke his vncle kept
His vncle Yorke, where I firſt bowed my knee
Vnto this king of ſmiles, this Bullingbrooke:
Zblood, when you and he came backe from Rauenſpurgh.
Nor. At Barkly caſtle. *Hot.* You ſay true.
Why what a Candy deale of curteſie,
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me,
Looke when his infant fortune came to age,
And gentle Harry Percy, and kind coſen:

C

O the

O, the deuill take ſuch cooſeners, God forgiue mee,
Good Vncle tell your tale, I haue done.
Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will ſtay your leiſure.
Hot. I haue done Ifaith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh priſoners,
Deliuer them vp, without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the Douglas ſonne your onely meane
For Powers in Scotland, which for diuers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd
Will eaſily be granted you, my Lord.
Your ſonne in Scotland being thus employed,
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creepe
Of that ſame noble prelate welbelou'd,
The Archbiſhop.
Hotſpur. Of Yorke, is it not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at Briſtow the Lord Scroope:
I ſpeake not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet downe,
And onely ſtayes but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hotſp. I ſmell it. Vpon my life it will doe well.
Nor. Before the game is afoot, thou ſtill letſt ſlip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chuſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke,
To ioyne with Mortimer, ha.
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aimd.
Wor. And t'is no little reaſon bids vs ſpeed,
To ſaue our heads, by raiſing of a head:
For beare our ſelues as euen as we can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our ſelues vnſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make vs ſtrangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.

Hot. He does, he does, weele be reueng'd on him.
Wor. Cooſen, farewell. No further goe in this,
Then I by letters ſhall direct your courſe
When time is ripe, which will be ſuddenly:
Ile ſteale to Glendower, and loe, Mortimer,
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
As I will faſhion it, ſhall happily meet,
To beare our fortunes in our owne ſtrong armes,
Which now we hold at much vncertaintie.
Nor. Farewel good brother, we ſhal thriue, I truſt.
Hot. Vncle adieu: O let the houres be ſhort,
Till fields, and blowes, and grones applaud our ſport. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Carrier With a lanterne in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho. An it bee not foure by the day, ile bee hangd, Charles waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horſe not packt. What Oſtler.
Oſt. Anon, anon.
1 *Car.* I prethee Tom, beat Curs ſaddle, put a few flocks in the point, poore iade is wrung in the withers, out of all ceſſe.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Peaſe and beanes are as danke here as a dog, and that is the next way to giue poore iades the bots: this houſe is turned vpſide downe ſince Robin Oſtler died.
1 *Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioied ſince the price of Oates roſe, it was the death of him.
2 *Car.* I thinke this be the moſt villainous houſe in al London road for fleas, I am ſtung like a Tench.
1 *Car.* Like a Tench: by the Maſſe there is ne're a king chriſten could be better bit, then I haue bin ſince the firſt cocke.
2 *Car.* Why, they will allow vs ne're a Iordane, and then we leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.
1 *Car.* What, Oſtler, come away, and be hang'd, come away.
2 *Car.* I haue a gammon of Bacon, and two razes of Ginger, to be deliuered as farre as Charing croſſe.
1 *Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in my Panier are quiet ſtarued: what Oſtler? a plague on thee, haſt thou neuer an eie in thy head? can'ſt not heare, and t'were not as good deede as drink to

 breake

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breake the pate on thee, I am a very villaine, come & be hangd, haſt no faith in thee?

Enter Gadſhill.

Gadſhill. Good morrow Carriers, what's a clocke?

Car. I th_ e it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethe lend me thy lanterne, to ſee my gelding in the ſtable.

1 *Car.* Nay by God ſoft, I know a tricke worth two of that I faith.

Gad. I pray thee lend me thine.

2 *Car.* I, when, canſt tell? lend me thy lanterne (quoth he) marry ile ſee thee hangd firſt.

Gad. Sirra Carrier, what time doe you meane to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to goe to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour Mugs, wee'le call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine. *Exeunt.*

Gad. What ho: Chamberlaine.

Cham. At hand quoth picke-purſe.

Gad. That's eue as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: for thou varieſt no more from picking of purſes, then giuing direction, doth from labouring: thou layeſt the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow maſter Gadſhill, it holds currant that I told you yeſter night, ther's a Franckelin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper, a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what, they are vp already, and call for egges and butter, they will away preſently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas clarks, ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, ile none of it, I pray thee keepe that for the hangman, for I know thou worſhippeſt Saint Nicholas, as truely as a man of falſhood may.

Gad. What talkeſt thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, ile make a fat paire of gallowes: for if I hang, old ſir Iohn hangs with me, & thou knoweſt he is no ſtarueling: tut, there are other

Troians

Troians that thou dream'ſt not of, the which for ſport ſake are content to do the profeſſion, ſome grace, that would (if matters ſhould be lookt into) for their owne credit ſake make all whole. I am ioyned with no footland rakers, no long-ſtaffe ſixpennie ſtrikers, none of theſe mad muſtachio purple-hewd maltworms, but with nobilitie, and tranquillitie, Burgomaſters and great Oneyers, ſuch as can hold in ſuch as wil ſtrike ſooner then ſpeak, and ſpeak ſooner then drinke, and drinke ſooner then pray, and yet (zoundes) I lie, for they pray continually to their Saint the Common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but pray on her, for they ride vp and downe on her, and make her their bootes.

Cham. What, the Common-wealth their bootes? will ſhe hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, ſhe will, Iuſtice hath liquord her: we ſteale as in a Caſtle cockſure: we haue the receite of Ferneſeede, wee walke inuiſible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Ferneſeed, for your walking inuiſible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand, thou ſhalt haue a ſhare in our purchaſe, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a falſe theefe.

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a common name to al men: bid the Oſtler bring my gelding out of the ſtable, farewell, ye muddy knaue.

Enter Prince, Poines, and Peto, &c.

Poin. Come ſhelter, ſhelter, I haue remoou'd Falſtalffes horſe, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet.

Prince. Stand cloſe. *Enter Falſtalffe.*

Falſ. Poynes, Poynes, and be hang'd Poynes.

Prince. Peace ye fat-kidney'd raſcal, what a brawling doeſt thou keepe?

Falſ. What Poynes, Hal?

Prin. He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go ſeeke him.

Falſ. I am accurſt to rob in that theeues companie, the raſcal hath remooued my horſe, and tyed him I know not where, if I trauell but foure foote by the ſquire further afoote, I ſhal breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I ſcape hanging for killing that rogue. I haue forſworne his company hourely any time this xxii. yeare, and yet I am be-

 witcht

witcht with the rogues companie. If the raſcall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, ile be hang'd. It could not be elſe, I haue drunke medicines, Poynes, Hal, a plague vpon you both. Bardoll, Peto, ile ſtarue e're ile rob afoote further, and t'were not as good a deede as drinke to turne true-man, and to leaue theſe rogues; I am the verieſt varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeardes of vneuen ground is three-ſcore and ten miles afoote with mee: and the ſtonie hearted villaines knowe it well inough, a plague vpon it when theeues can not be true one to another.

They whiſtle.

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue mee my horſe, you rogues, giue me my horſe, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare cloſe to the ground, and luſt if thou can heare the tread of trauellers.

Falſ. Haue you any leauers to lift me vp againe being down? zblood ile not beare mine owne fleſh ſo farre afoote againe, for all the coine in thy fathers Exchequer: What a plague meane ye, to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou lyeſt, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Falſ. I prethe good prince, Hal, helpe me to my horſe, good kings ſonne.

Prin. Out you rogue, ſhall I be your Oſtler?

Falſ. Hang thy ſelfe in thine owne heire apparant garters: if I be taine, ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on you all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cuppe of ſacke be my poyſon: when ieſt is ſo forward, and afoote too, I hate it.

Enter Gadſhill.

Gad. Stand. *Falſ.* So I do againſt my will.

Poi. O t'is our ſetter, I know his voyce, Bardoll, what newes?

Bar. Caſe ye, caſe ye; on with your vizards, there's money of the Kings comming downe the hill, t'is going to the Kings Exchequer.

Falſ. You lie, ye rogue, t'is going to the kings Tauerne.

Gad. There's inough to make vs all:

Falſ. To be hang'd.

Prin. Sirs, you foure ſhal front them in the narrow lane: Ned Poynes, and I will walke lower: if they ſcape from your encounter,

ter, then they light on vs.

Peto. How many be they of them?

Gad. Some eight, or ten.

Falſ. Zoundes, will they not rob vs?

Prince. What, a coward, ſir Iohn paunch?

Falſ. Indeed I am not Iohn of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we leaue that to the proofe.

Poi. Sirra, Iacke, thy horſe ſtandes behinde the hedge, when thou needſt him, there thou ſhalt find him: farewel, & ſtand faſt.

Falſ. Now can not I ſtrike him if I ſhould be hang'd.

Prin. Ned, where are our diſguiſes?

Poi. Here, hard by, ſtand cloſe.

Falſ. Now my maſters, happy man be his dole, ſay I, euery man to his buſineſſe. *Enter the trauailers.*

Trauai. Come neighbour, the boy ſhall lead our horſes down the hill, weele walke a foote awhile, and eaſe our legs.

Theeues. Stand. *Trauel.* Ieſus bleſſe vs.

Falſ. Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates: a horeſon Catterpillers, Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours, for euer.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no ye fatte chuffes, I would your ſtore were here: on Bacons on, what yee knaues? yong men muſt liue, you are graunde iurers, are yee? weele iure ye faith.

Here they rob them, and bind them. Exeunt.

Enter the Prince and Poines.

Prin. The theeues haue bound the true men: nowe could thou and I rob the theeues, and go merily to London, it would be argument for a weeke, laughter for a moneth, and a good ieſt for euer.

Poines. Stand cloſe, I heare them comming.

Enter the theeues againe.

Falſ. Come, my maſters, let vs ſhare, and then to horſe before day: and the Prince and Poines bee not two arrant cowardes, there's no equitie ſtirring, ther's no more valour in that Poines, then in a wilde ducke.

Prin.

Prin. Your money. *Poin.* Villaines. { *As they are ſharing, the Prince and Poines ſet vpon them, they all runne away, and Falſtalffe after a blow or two runs away too, leauing the bootie behinde them.*

Prin. Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to horſe: the theeues are ſcattered, and poſſeſt with feare ſo ſtrongly, that they dare not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer, away good Ned, Falſtalffe ſweates to death, and lards the leane earth as he walkes along, wer't not for laughing I ſhould pittie him.

Poines. How the rogue roar'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur ſolus, reading a letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to bee there, in reſpect of the loue I beare your houſe.

He could be contented, why is he not then? in the reſpect of the loue he beares our houſe: he ſhewes in this, he loues his own barne better then he loues our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more.

The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous,

Why that's certaine, 't is dangerous to take a cold, to ſleepe, to drinke, but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger, we plucke this flower ſafetie.

The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named vncertaine, the time it ſelfe vnſorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoyſe of ſo great an oppoſition.

Say you ſo, ſay you ſo. I ſay vnto you againe, you are a ſhallow cowardly hinde, and you lye: what a lacke-braine is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot, as euer was laid, our friends true and conſtant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends; what a froſtie ſpirited rogue is this? why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall courſe of the Action. Zoundes and I were now by this rafcall, I could braine him with his Ladies fanne. Is there not my father, my vncle, and my ſelfe, Lord Edmond Mortimer, my Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendower? is there not beſides the Dowglas? haue I not al their letters to meete me in armes by the ninth of the next month, and are they not ſome of them ſet forward alreadie? what a pagan rafcall is this, and infidel? Ha, you ſhall ſee now in very ſinceritie of feare and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could deuide my

my ſelfe, & go to buffets, for mouing ſuch a diſh of skim milke with ſo honorable an action. Hang him, let him tell the king, we are prepared: I will ſet forward to night. *Enter his Lady.*

How now Kate, I muſt leaue you within theſe two houres?

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence haue I this fortnight bin
A baniſht woman from my Harries bed?
Tell me, ſweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy ſtomake, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleepe?
Why doſt thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?
And ſtart ſo often when thou ſitſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh bloud in thy cheekes?
And giuen my treaſures and my rights of thee
To thicke eyde muſing, and curſt melancholy?
In thy faint ſlumbers, I by thee haue watcht,
And heard thee murmur tales of yron wars,
Speake tearmes of mannage to thy bounding ſteed,
Cry courage to the field. And thou haſt talkt
Of ſallies, and retyres of trenches, tents,
Of pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of baſilisks, of canon, culuerin,
Of priſoners ranſome, and of ſouldiours ſlaine,
And all the currents of a heddy fight,
Thy ſpirit within thee hath bin ſo at war,
And thus hath ſo beſtird thee in thy ſleepe,
That beds of ſweat haue ſtood vpon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late diſturbed ſtreame,
And in thy face ſtrange motions haue appeard,
Such as we ſee when men reſtraine their breath,
On ſome great ſuddaine haſte. O, what portents are theſe?
Some heauy buſines hath my Lord in hand,
And I muſt know it, elſe he loues me not.

Hot. What ho, is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Ser. He is, my Lord, an houre ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought thoſe horſes from the Sheriffe?

Ser. One horſe, my Lord, he brought euen now.

Hot. What horſe, Roane? a cropeare, is it not?

Ser. It is my Lord.

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Hot. That Roane shal be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight: O Esperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the parke.

La. But heare you my Lord.

Hot. What saist thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

La. Out you madhedded ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are tost with. In faith, ile know your busines Harry, that I wil, I feare, my brother Mortimer doth stir about his title, & hath sent for you to line his enterprise, but if you goe.

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, loue.

La. Come, come you Paraquito, answere mee directly, vnto this question that I shall aske: in faith, ile breake thy little finger, Harry, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away you trifler, loue, I loue thee not,
I care not for thee Kate, this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips,
We must haue bloudy noses, and crackt crownes,
And passe them currant too: gods me, my horse:
What saist thou Kate? what wouldst thou haue with me?

La. Do you not loue me? do you not indeed?
Well, doe not then, for since you loue me not,
I will not loue my selfe. Doe you not loue me?
Nay, tell me, if you speake in iest, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am a horsebacke, I will sweare,
I loue thee infinitely. But harke you Kate,
I must not haue you henceforth, question me,
Whither I goe, nor reason, whereabout:
Whither I must, I must, and to conclude,
This euening must I leaue you gentle Kate:
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise,
Then Harry Percies wife: constant you are,
But yet a woman, and for secrecy,
No Lady closer, for I well beleeue,
Thou wilt not vtter, what thou dost not know:
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

La. How, so far?

Hot. Not an inch further, but harke you Kate,
Whither I goe, thither shall you goe too:
To day will I set forth, to morrow you:
Will this content you, Kate?

La. It must of force. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prin. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poi. Where hast bin, Hal?

Prin. With three or foure logger-heads, amongst three or fourescore hogsheads. I haue sounded the very base string of humilitie. Sirra, I am sworne brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dicke, and Francis: they take it already vpon their saluation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of Curtesie, & tel me flatly, I am no proud Iacke, like Falstaffe, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettal, a good boy, (by the Lord, so they call me) and when I am King of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheape. They call drinking deepe, dying scarlet, and when you breathe in your watering, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker, in his own language, during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me, in this action; but sweet Ned, to sweeten which name of Ned, I giue thee this penniworth of sugar, clapt euen now into my hand, by an vnderskinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, then eight shillings and sixe pence, and you are welcome, with this shrill addition, anon, anon sir; skore a pint of bastard in the halfe moone, or so. But Ned, to driue away the time till Falstaffe come: I prethee, doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gaue me the sugar, and doe thou neuer leaue calling Frances, that his tale to me may be nothing but anon: step aside, and ile shew thee a present.

Poin. Frances. *Prin.* Thou art perfect.

Prin. Frances. *Enter Drawer.*

Fran. Anon, anon sir. Looke downe into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.

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Prin. Come hither, Frances. *Fran.* My Lord.

Prin. How long haſt thou to ſerue, Frances?

Fran. Forſooth, fiue yeeres, and as much as to.

Po. Frances.

Fran. Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. Fiue yeere, berlady a long leaſe for the clinking of pewter; but Frances, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and ſhew it a faire paire of heeles, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord ſir, ile be ſworne vpon all the bookes in England, I could find in my heart.

Poin. Frances. *Fran.* Anon ſir.

Prin. How old art thou, Frances?

Fran. Let me ſee, about Michaelmas next I ſhall be.

Poin. Frances.

Fran. Anon ſir, pray you ſtay a little my Lord.

Prin. Nay but harke you Frances, for the ſugar thou gaueſt me, t'was a peni-worth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, I would it had bin two.

Prin. I will giue thee for it, a thouſand pound, aske me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt haue it.

Poin. Frances. *Fran.* Anon, anon.

Prin. Anon Frances, no Frances, but to morrow Frances: or Frances a Thurſday; or indeed Frances when thou wilt. But Frances.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. Wilt thou rob this leatherne Ierkin, criſtall button, not-pated, agat ring, puke ſtocking, Caddice garter, ſmooth tongue, ſpaniſh pouch?

Fran. O Lord ſir, who doe you meane?

Prin. Why, then your browne baſtard is your onely drinke? for looke you Frances, your white canuas doublet will ſulley. In Barbary ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Fran. What ſir? *Poin.* Frances.

Prin. Away you rogue, doſt thou not heare them call.

Here they both call him, the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to goe. *Enter Vintner.*

Vint. What, ſtandſt thou ſtil, and hearſt ſuch a calling? looke to

to the gheſts within. My Lord, old ſir Iohn with halfe a douzen more are at the doore, ſhall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore: *Poines.*

Poi. Anon, anon ſir. *Enter Poines.*

Prince. Sirra, Falſtalffe and the reſt of the theeues are at the doore, ſhall we be merry?

Poi. As merry as Crickets, my lad, but harke ye, what cunning match haue you made with this ieſt of the Drawer? come, what's the iſſue?

Prin. I am now of all humours, that haue ſhewed themſelues humours ſince the old dayes of goodman Adam, to the pupill age of this preſent twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke, Frances?

Fran. Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. That euer this fellowe ſhould haue fewer words then a Parrat, & yet the ſonne of a woman. His induſtrie is vp ſtaires and downe ſtaires, his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percies minde, the Hotſpur of the North, he that kils me ſome ſixe or ſeuen douzen of Scots at a breakefaſt, waſhes his handes, and ſayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my ſweet Harry ſaies ſhe! how many haſt thou kild to day? Giue my Roane horſe a drench (ſayes hee) and aunſwers ſome fourteene, an hour after: a trifle, a triffle. I prethee call in Falſtalffe, ile play Percy, and that damnde brawne ſhall play Dame Mortimer his wife. *Rino* ſaies the drunkard: call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falſtalffe.

Poi. Welcome Iacke, where haſt thou bene?

Falſ. A plague of al cowards I ſay, and a vengeance too, marry and Amen: giue me a cup of ſacke boy. E're I lead this life long, ile ſow neather ſtocks, and mend them, & foote them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a cup of ſacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant? *he drinketh.*

Prin. Didſt thou neuer ſee Titan kiſſe a diſh of butter, pitiful harted Titan that melted at the ſweet tale of the ſonnes? if thou didſt, then behold that compound.

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Falſ. You rogue, heere's lime in this ſacke too, there is nothing but rogery to be found in villanous man, yet a cowarde is worſe then a cup of ſacke with lime in it. A villanous coward. Go thy wayes old lacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am *I* a ſhotten herring: there liues not three good men vnhang'd in England, and one of them is fat, and growes old, God help the while, a bad world *I* ſay, *I* would *I* were a weauer, *I* could ſing pſalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, *I* ſay ſtill.

Prin. How now, Wolſacke, what mutter you?

Fal. A kings ſonne? if *I* doe not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and driue all thy ſubiects afore thee like a flock of wilde geeſe, ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of Wales.

Prin. Why you horeſon round-man, what's the matter?

Falſ. Are you not a cowarde? anſwere me to that, and Poynes there.

Poin. Zoundes ye fat paunch, and ye call me cowarde, by the Lord, ile ſtab thee.

Falſ. *I* call thee cowarde? ile ſee thee damnde ere *I* call thee coward, but *I* would giue a thouſand pound *I* coulde runne as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon ſuch backing: giue mee them that will face me; giue me a cup of ſacke. I am a rogue if *I* drunke to day.

Prin. O villain, thy lips are ſcarſe wip't ſince thou drūk'ſt laſt.

Falſ. All is one for that. *He drinketh.*
A plague of all cowards, ſtill ſay I.

Prin. What's the matter?

Falſ. What's the matter? there be foure of vs here haue tane a thouſand pound this day morning.

Prin. Where is it, Iacke, where is it?

Falſ. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred, man?

Falſ. I am a rogue, if *I* were not at halfe ſword, with a douzen of them two houres together. I haue ſcap't by myracle. I am eight times thruſt through the doublet, foure through the hoſe, my

my buckler cut through and through, my ſworde hack't like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum.* I neuer dealt better ſince I was a man, all would not do. A plague of all cowards, let them ſpeake, if they ſpeake more or leſſe then trueth, they are villains, and the ſonnes of darkeneſſe.

Gad. Speake, ſirs, how was it?

Roſs. We foure ſet vpon ſome douzen.

Fal. Sixeteene, at leaſt, my Lord.

Roſs. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Iew elſe, and Ebrew Iew.

Roſs. As we were ſharing, ſome ſixe or ſeuen freſh men ſet vpon vs.

Fal. And vnbound the reſt, and then come in the other.

Prin. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? *I* know not what ye call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, *I* am a bunch of radiſh: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore olde lacke, then am *I* no two leg'd creature.

Prin. Pray God, you haue not murthered ſome of them.

Fal. Nay, that's paſt praying for, *I* haue pepper'd two of thē. Two *I* am ſure *I* haue paied, two rogues in buckrom ſutes: *I* tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, ſpit in my face; call me horſe: thou knoweſt my olde warde: here *I* lay, and thus *I* bore my point; foure rogues in buckrom let driue at me.

Prin. What, foure? thou ſayd'ſt but two, euen now.

Fal. Foure, Hal, *I* told thee foure.

Poin. I, I, he ſaid, foure.

Fal. Theſe foure came all afront, and mainely thruſt at me; I made me no more adoe, but tooke all their ſeuen points in my target, thus.

Prin. Seuen? why there were but foure, enen now.

Fal. In Buckrom.

Poynes. *I*, foure, in Buckrom ſuites.

Fal. Seuen, by theſe hilts, or *I* am a villaine elſe.

Prince. Prethee let him alone, we ſhall haue more anon.

Fal. Doeſt thou heare me, Hal?

Prince.

Prin. I, and marke thee too, Iacke.

Falſ. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning to, theſe nine in Buckrom that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Falſ. Their points being broken.

Poin. Downe fell his hoſe.

Falſ. Began to giue me ground: but I followed me cloſe, came in, foot, and hand, & with a thought, ſeuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen Buckrom men growne out of two?

Falſ. But as the deuil would haue it, three misbegotten knaues in Kendall greene came at my backe, and let driue at me, for it was ſo darke, Hal, that thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand.

Prin. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets thē, groſſe as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horeſon obſcene greaſie tallow-catch.

Falſ. What, art thou mad? art thou mad: is not the trueth the trueth?

Prin. Why, how could'ſt thou know theſe men in Kendall green, whē it was ſo darke thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand? come tell vs your reaſon. What ſay eſt thou to this?

Poin. Come your reaſon, Iacke, your reaſon.

Falſ. What, vpon compulſion? Zoundes, and I were at the ſtrappado, or all the rackes in the worlde, I would not tel you on compulſion. Giue you a reaſon on compulſion? if reaſons were as plentie as blacke-berries, I would giue no man a reaſon vpon compulſion, I.

Prince. Ile be no longer guiltie of this ſinne. This ſanguine coward, this bedpreſſer, this horſe-backe-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh.

Fa. Zbloud you ſtarueling, you elſkin, you dried neatstoūg, you buſſpizzel, you ſtockfiſh: O for breath to vtter, what is like thee? you tailers yard, you ſheath, you bowcaſe, you vile ſtāding tuck.

Prin. Wel, breathe a while, and then to it againe, & when thou haſt tired thy ſelfe in baſe cōpariſons, heare me ſpeake but this.

Poynes. Marke, Iacke.

Prin. We two ſaw you foure ſet on foure, & bound them, and were maſters of their wealth: marke now how a plaine tale ſhall put you downe, then did wee two ſet on you foure, and with a worde,

worde, outfac't you from your prize, & haue it, yea, & can ſhew it you here in the houſe: and Falſtalffe, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quicke dexteritie, & roard for mercy, and ſtil run and roare, as euer I heard Bul-calf. What a ſlaue art thou to hacke thy ſword as thou haſt done? & then ſay it was in fight. What tricke? what deuice? what ſtarting hole canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant ſhame?

Poin. Come, let's heare. Iacke, what tricke haſt thou now?

Falſt. By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee that made yee. Why, heare you, my maſters, was it for me, to kill the heire apparant? ſhould I turne vpon the true Prince? why, thou knoweſt, I am as valiant, as Hercules: but, beware inſtinct, the lyon will not touch the true Prince, inſtinct is a great matter. I was a coward on inſtinct; I ſhall thinke the better of my ſelfe, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lyon, and thou, for a true Prince: but, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you haue the money. Hoſteſſe, clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow, gallants, lads, boyes, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowſhip come to you. What, ſhall we bee merrie, ſhall we haue a play extempore?

Prin. Content, and the argument ſhall be, thy running away.

Fa. A, no more of that, Hal, & thou loueſt me. *Enter hoſteſſe.*

Ho. O Ieſu, my Lord the Prince!

Prin. How now, my lady the hoſteſſe, what ſaiſt thou to me?

Ho. Marry, my L. there is a noble-man of the court, at doore, would ſpeake with you: he ſayes, he comes from your Father.

Prin. Giue him as much, as will make him a royall man, and ſend him backe againe to my mother.

Fal. What maner of man is he?

Ho. An old man.

Fal. What doth grauitie out of his bed at midnight? Shall I giue him his anſwere?

Prin. Prethee do, Iacke. *Fal.* Faith, and ile ſend him packing.

Exit.

Prin. Now ſirs, birlady you fought faire, ſo did you Peto, ſo did you Bardol, you are lions to, you ran away vpon inſtinct, you will not touch the true Prince, no fie.

Bar. Faith, *I* ran, when *I* ſaw others runne.

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Prin. Faith, tell me now in earneſt, how came Falſtalffs ſword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, hee hackt it with his dagger, and ſaid hee would ſweare trueth out of England, but he would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perſwaded vs to doe the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpeare-graſſe, to make them bleed, and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the bloud of true men. I did that I did not this ſeuen yeere before, I bluſht to heare his monſtrous deuices.

Prin. O villaine, thou ſtoleſt a cup of Sacke eighteene yeers ago, and wert taken with the maner, and euer ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore, thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranſt away: what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, do you ſee theſe meteors? do you behold theſe exhalations? *Prince.* I doe.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot liuers, and cold purſes.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Enter Falſtalffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes leane Iacke, here comes bare bone: how now my ſweete creature of bumbaſt, how long is't ago, Iacke, ſince thou ſaw'ſt thine owne knee?

Fal. My owne knee? when I was about thy yeeres (Hal) I was not an Eagles talent in the waſte: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe ring: a plague of ſighing & griefe, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villainous newes abroad, here was ſir Iohn Bracy from your father: you muſt to the Court in the morning. That ſame mad fellow of the North, Percy, and he of Wales, that gaue Amamon the baſtinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and ſwore the diuell his true liegeman vpon the croſſe of a Welſh hooke: what a plague call you him?

Poines. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the ſame, and his ſonne in law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that ſprightly Scot of Scottes, Dowglas, that runnes a horſe-backe vp a hill perpendicular.

Prin. He that rides at high ſpeede, and with his piſtol killes a ſparrow flying.

Fal.

Fal. You haue hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the ſparrow.

Fal. Well, that raſcall hath good mettall in him, hee will not runne.

Prin. Why, what a raſcall art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Fal. A horſeback (ye cuckow) but afoote he will not budge a foote.

Prin. Yes Iacke, vpon inſtinct.

Falſt. I grant ye, vpon inſtinct: well, he is there too, and one Mordacke, and a thouſand blew-caps more. Worceſter is ſtolne away to night, thy fathers beard is turnd white with the newes, you may buy land now as cheape, as ſtinking Mackrel.

Prin. Why then, it is like, if there come a hotte Iune, and this ciuill buffeting hold, we ſhall buy maidenheads, as they buy hob-nailes, by the hundreds.

Falſt. By the maſſe, lad, thou ſaiſt true, it is like we ſhall haue good trading that way: but, tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being heire apparant, could the world picke thee out three ſuch enemies againe, as that fiend Dowglas, that ſpirit Percy, & that diuell Glendower? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thril at it?

Prin. Not a whit i faith, I lacke ſome of thy inſtinct.

Falſt. Well, thou wilt be horribly chidde to morrow when thou commeſt to thy father, if thou loue mee: practiſe an anſwere.

Prince. Do thou ſtand for my father, and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content. This chaire ſhall be my ſtate, this dagger my ſcepter, and this cuſhion my crowne.

Prin. Thy ſtate is taken for a ioynd ſtoole, thy golden ſcepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crowne, for a pitiful bald crowne.

Fal. Well, and the fire of grace bee not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be mooued. Giue mee a cup of Sacke to make my eyes looke redde, that it may bee thought I haue wept, for I muſt ſpeake in paſſion, and I will doe it, in king Cambiſes vaine.

 Prince.

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Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my ſpeech; ſtand aſide, Nobilitie.

Ho. O Ieſu, this is excellent ſport, Ifaith.

Fal. Weepe not, ſweet Queene, for trickling teares are vain.

Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods ſake, Lords, conuay my truſtfull Queene, For teares doe ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Ieſu, he doth it, as like one of theſe harlotrie plaiers, as euer I ſee.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle-braine. Harry, I doe not onely maruaile, where thou ſpendeſt thy time: but alſo, how thou art accompanied. For, though the camomill, the more it is troden on, the faſter it growes: ſo youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares: that thou art my ſon, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my owne opinion, but chiefly, a villanous tricke of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſonne to me, here lies the point: why, beeing ſonne to mee, art thou ſo pointed at? ſhall the bleſſed ſonne of heauen prooue a micher, and eat blacke-berries? a queſtion not to be askt. Shall the ſon of England, proue a theeſe, and take purſes? a queſtion to be askt. There is a thing, Harry, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is known to many in our land, by the name of pitch. This pitch, (as ancient writers do report) doth defile: ſo doth the cõpanie thou keepeſt: for Harry, now I doe not ſpeake to thee in drinke, but in teares; not in pleaſure, but in paſsiõ; not in words onely, but in woes alſo: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prin. What maner of man, and it like your Maieſtie?

Fal. A goodly portly man ifaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerefull looke, a pleaſing eie, & a moſt noble carriage, & as I think, his age ſome fiftie, or birlady, inclining to threeſcore, and now I remember mee, his name is *Falſtalffe*: if that man ſhould bee lewdly giuen, hee deceiueth me. For Harry, I ſee vertue in his lookes: if then the tree may bee knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is vertue in that *Falſtalffe*, him keepe with, the reſt baniſh: & tel me now, thou naughtie varlet, tell me, where haſt thou bin, this month?

Prin.

Prin. Doſt thou ſpeake like a king? do thou ſtand for me, and ile play my father.

Fal. Depoſe me, if thou doſt it halfe ſo grauely, ſo maieſtically both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a rabbet ſucker, or a poulters Hare.

Prin. Well, here I am ſet.

Falſ. And here I ſtand, iudge, my maſters.

Prin. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Falſ. My noble Lord, from Eaſtcheape.

Prince. The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

Falſ. Zblood, my Lord, they are falſe: nay, ile tickle ye for a yong prince Ifaith.

Prin. Sweareſt thou, vngracious boy? henceforth ne're looke on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a deuill haunts thee, in the likeneſſe of an olde fat man, a tun of man is thy companion: why doeſt thou conuerſe with that trunke of humours, that boultinghutch of beaſtlineſſe, that ſwolne parcell of dropſies, that huge bombard of ſacke, that ſtuft cloakebag of guts, that roſted Manningtree Oxe with the pudding in his belly, that reuerent vice, that gray iniquitie, that father ruffian, that vanitie in yeeres? wherein is he good, but to taſte ſacke & drinke it? wherein neat & cleanly, but to carue a capon & eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein craftie, but in villanie? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falſ. I would your grace would take mee with you, whome meanes your grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable miſleader of youth: Falſtalffe, that olde white bearded Sathan.

Falſ. My Lord, the man I know.

Prin. I know, thou doeſt.

Falſ. But to ſay, I know more harme in him then in my ſelf, were to ſay more then I know: that he is old, the more the pittie, his white haires doe witneſſe it, but that he is ſauing your reuerence, a whoremaſter, that I vtterly deny: if ſacke and ſugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked; if to be old and merry be a ſin, thẽ many an old hoſt that I know is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, thẽ Pharaos leane kine are to be loued. No, my good lord, baniſh Peto, baniſh Bardol, baniſh Poines, but for ſweet Iacke

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Falſtalffe, kinde Iacke Falſtalffe, true Iacke Falffalffe, valiant Iacke Falſtalffe, and therefore more valiant, being as he is olde Iacke Falſtalffe, baniſh not him thy Harries companie, baniſh not him thy Harries companie, baniſh plumpe Iacke, and baniſh all the world.

Prin. I, do, I will. *Enter Bardoll running.*

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a moſt monſtrous watch, is at the doore.

Fal. Out you rogue, play out the play: I haue much to ſay in the behalfe of that Falſtalffe.

Enter the Hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. O Ieſu, my Lord, my Lord!

Prince. Heigh, heigh, the diuel rides vpon a fiddle ſticke, what's the matter?

Hoſt. The Sherife and al the watch are at the doore, they are come to ſearch the houſe, ſhall I let them in?

Fal. Doeſt thou heare, Hal? neuer call a true piece of golde a counterfet, thou art eſſentially made without ſeeming ſo.

Prince. And thou, a naturall coward without inſtinct.

Fal. I deny your Maior, if you wil deny the Sherife ſo, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I ſhall as ſoone be ſtrangled with a halter as another.

Prin. Go, hide thee behinde the Arras, the reſt walke vp aboue: now my maſters, for a true face, and good conſcience.

Fal. Both which I haue had, but their date is out, and therefore ile hide me.

Prin. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prin. Now, maſter Sherife, what is your will with me?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men vnto this houſe.

Prin. What men?

She. One of them is well knowen, my gracious Lord, a groſſe fat man.

Car. As fat, as butter.

Prin. The man, I do aſſure you is not here,
For I my ſelfe at this time haue imploid him:

And

And Sherife, I will ingage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow dinner time,
Send him to anſwere thee or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withall,
And ſo let me intreat you leaue the houſe.

She. I will, my Lord: there are two gentlemen
Haue, in this robbery, loſt 300. markes.

Prin. It may be ſo: if he haue rob'd theſe men,
He ſhall be anſwerable: and ſo farewell.

She. God night, my noble Lord.

Prin. I thinke it is god morrow, is it not?

She. Indeed, my Lord, I thinke it be two a clocke. *Exit.*

Prin. This oylie raſcal is knowne as well as Poules: goe call him forth.

Peto. Falſtalffe? faſt aſleepe behinde the Arras, and ſnorting like a horſe.

Pri. Harke, how hard he fetches breath, ſearch his pockets.

He ſearcheth his pocket, and findeth certaine papers.

Prin. What haſt thou found?

Pet. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

Prin. Let's ſee what they be: read them.

Item, a capon.	2.s.ii.d.
Item, ſawce.	iiii.d.
Item, ſacke, two gallons.	v.s.viii.d.
Item, anchaues and ſacke after ſupper.	2.s.vi.d.
Item, bread.	ob.

O moſtrous! but one halfepeniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of ſack? what there is elſe keep cloſe, wee'le read it at more aduantage: there let him ſleepe till day; ile to the court in the morning. We muſt all to the warres, and thy place ſhall be honorable. Ile procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and I know his death wil be a march of twelue ſcore, the money ſhall be paid backe againe with aduantage; bee with me betimes in the morning, and ſo good morrow Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mor. Theſe promiſes are faire, the parties ſure,

And

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And our induction full of proſperous hope.
Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cooſen Glendower will you ſit down?
and Vncle Worceſter; a plague vpon it, *I* haue forgot the map.
Glendow. No, here it is; ſit Cooſen Percie, ſit good Cooſen
Hotſpur, for by that name, as oft as Lancaſter doth ſpeak of you,
his cheeke lookes pale, and with a riſing ſight he wiſheth you in
heauen.
Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower
ſpoke of.
Glen. *I* cannot blame him; at my natiuitie
The front of heauen was full of fierie ſhapes
Of burning creſſets, and at my birth
The frame and foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.
Hot. Why, ſo it would haue done at the ſame ſeaſon, if your
mothers cat had but kittened, though your ſelfe had neuer bene
borne.
Glen. I ſay, the earth did ſhake when *I* was borne.
Hot. And *I* ſay, the earth was not of my minde,
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhooke.
Glen. The heauens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.
Hot. Oh, then the earth ſhooke to ſee the heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your natiuitie,
Diſeaſed nature oftentimes breakes forth
In ſtrange eruptions, oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of collicke pincht and vex't,
By the impriſoning of vnruly winde
Within her wombe, which for inlargement ſtriuing,
Shakes the old Beldame earth, and topples downe
Steeples and moſſegrowen towers. At your birth
Our Grandam earth, hauing this diſtemprature
In paſsion ſhooke.
Glen. Cooſen, of many men
I do not beare theſe croſsings: giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my birth
The front of heauen was full of fierie ſhapes,
The goates ran from the mountaines, and the heards
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted fields.

Theſe ſignes haue markt me extraordinary,
And all the courſes of my life doe ſhew,
I am not in the roule of common men:
Where is he liuing, clipt in with the ſea,
That chides the bancks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which cals me pupill, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but womans ſonne,
Can trace me in the tedious waies of Arte,
And hold me pace, in deepe experiments.
Hot. I thinke, there's no man ſpeaks better Welſh:
Ile to dinner.
Mor. Peace, cooſen Percy, you will make him mad.
Glen. I can call ſpirits from the vaſty deepe.
Hot. Why, ſo can I, or ſo can any man:
But will they come, when you doe call for them?
Glen. Why, I can teach you cooſen, to command the deuill.
Hot. And I can teach thee, cooſe, to ſhame the deuil,
By telling trueth. Tell trueth and ſhame the deuill:
If thou haue power to rayſe him, bring him hither,
And ile be ſworne, I haue power to ſhame him hence:
Oh while you liue, tell trueth and ſhame the deuill.
Mor. Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable char.
Glen. Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head
Againſt my power, thrice from the bancks of Wye,
And ſandy bottomd Seuerne haue I ſent him
Bootles home, and weather-beaten backe.
Hot. Home without bootes, and in foule weather too?
How ſcapes he agues, in the deuils name?
Glen. Come, here is the map, ſhal we deuide our right,
According to our threefold order tane?
Mor. The Arch-deacon hath deuided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England from Trent, and Seuerne hitherto,
By South and Eaſt, is to my part aſsignd:
All Weſtward, Wales beyond the Seuerne ſhore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: and deare cooſe, to you,
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent,

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And our indentures tripartite are drawne,
Which being ſealed enterchangeably,
(A buſineſſe that this night may execute:)
To morrow, cooſen Percy, you and I,
And my good Lord of Worceſter, will ſet forth
To meet your father, and the Scottiſh power,
As is appointed vs, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall we need his helpe theſe fourteene daies:
Within that ſpace, you may haue drawn together
Your tenants, friends, & neighbouring gentlemen.
Glen. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, Lords,
And in my conduct ſhall your Ladies come,
From whom you now muſt ſteale, & take no leaue,
For there will be a world of water ſhed,
Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.
Hot. Me thinks, my moity North frō Burton here,
In quantitie equals not one of yours:
See, how this riuer comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the beſt of all my land,
A huge halfe moone, a monſtrous ſcantle out:
Ile haue the currant in this place damnd vp,
And here the ſmug and ſiluer Trent ſhall run
In a new channell, faire and euenly,
It ſhall not wind, with ſuch a deepe indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a bottome here.
Glen. Not wind? it ſhall, it muſt, you ſee it doth.
Mor. Yea, but marke, how he beares his courſe, and runs me vp, with like aduantage on the other ſide, gelding the oppoſed continent, as much, as on the other ſide, it takes from you.
Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this Northſide, win this cape of land,
And then he runs ſtraight, and euen.
Hot. Ile haue it ſo, a little charge will doe it.
Glen. Ile not haue it altred.
Hot. Will not you?
Glen. No, nor you ſhall not.
Hot. Who ſhall ſay me nay?

Glen.

Glen. Why, that will I.
Hot. Let me not vnderſtand you then, ſpeake it in Welſh.
Glen. I can ſpeake Engliſh, Lord, as well as you,
For, I was traind vp in the Engliſh Court,
Where, being but yong, I framed to the harpe
Many an Engliſh ditty, louely well,
And gaue the tongue a helpefull ornament:
A vertue, that was neuer ſeene in you.
Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it, with all my heart,
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Then one of theſe ſame miter ballet-mongers:
I had rather heare a braſen canſticke turnd,
Or a drie wheele grate on the axle-tree,
And that would ſet my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing ſo much as minſing Poetry:
T'is like the forc't gate of a ſhuffling nag.
Glen. Come, you ſhall haue Trent turnd.
Hot. I do not care, ile giue thrice ſo much land,
To any well deſeruing friend:
But in the way of bargaine, marke ye me:
Ile cauill on the ninth part of a haire.
Are the Indentures drawne? ſhall we be gone?
Glen. The Moone ſhines faire, you may away by night:
Ile haſte the writer, and withall,
Breake with your wiues, of your departure hence,
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much ſhe doteth on her Mortimer. *Exit.*
Mor. Fie, cooſen Percy, how you croſſe my father.
Hot. I cannot chuſe, ſometime he angers me
With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies:
And, of a Dragon and a finleſſe fiſh,
A clip-wingd Griffin and a moulten rauen,
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
And ſuch a deale of skimble skamble ſtuffe,
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me laſt night, at leaſt, nine houres,
In reckoning vp the ſeuerall diuels names

That

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That were his lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tyred horſe, a railing wife,
Worſe then a ſmoky houſe. I had rather liue
With cheeſe and garlike in a Windmill far,
Then feede on cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any ſummer-houſe in Chriſtendome.
Mor. In faith he is a worthy Gentleman,
Exceedingly well read and profited
In ſtrange concealments, valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable; and as bountifull
As mines of India: ſhall I tell you, cooſen,
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelfe, euen of his naturall ſcope,
When you come croſſe his humor, faith he does:
I warrant you, that man is not aliue,
Might ſo haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproofe:
But doe not vſe it oft, let me intreat you.
Wor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And ſince your comming hither haue done enough
To put him quite beſide his patience:
You muſt needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſſe, courage, bloud,
And that's the deareſt grace it renders you,
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of maners, want of gouernment,
Pride, hautineſſe, opinion, and diſdaine,
The leaſt of which, hanting a noble man,
Loſeth mens hearts, and leaues behind a ſtaine
Vpon the beautie of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
Hot. Well, I am ſchoold, good maners be your ſpeed,
Here come our wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My wife can ſpeake no Engliſh, I no Welſh.
Glen. My daughter weepes, ſhee'le not part with you,

Shee'le

Shee'le be a ſouldier too, ſhee'le to the wars.
Mor. Good father tell her, that ſhe, and my Aunt Percy
Shal follow in your conduct ſpeedily.

Glendower ſpeakes to her in Welſh, and ſhe anſweres him in the ſame.

Glen. Shee is deſperate here,
A peeuiſh ſelfe wilde harlotrie, one that no perſwaſion can doe good vpon.

The Ladie ſpeakes in Welsh.

Mor. I vnderſtand thy lookes, that prettie Welſh,
Which thou powreſt downe from theſe ſwelling heauens,
I am too perfect in, and but for ſhame
In ſuch a parley ſhould *I* anſwere thee.

The Lady againe in Welsh.

Mor. I vnderſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling diſputation:
But *I* will neuer be a truant loue,
Till *I* haue learn'd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes Welſh as ſweet as ditties highly pend,
Sung by a faire Queene in a ſummers bowre,
With rauiſhing diuiſion to her Lute.
Glen. Nay, if you melt, then will ſhe runne mad.

The Lady ſpeakes againe in Welsh.

Mor. O, *I* am ignorance it ſelfe in this.
Glen. She bids you on the wanton ruſhes lay you downe,
And reſt your gentle head vpon her lap,
And ſhe will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the God of ſleepe,
Charming your blood with pleaſing heauineſſe,
Making ſuch difference twixt wake and ſleepe,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The houre before the heauenly harneſt teeme
Begins his golden progreſſe in the Eaſt.
Mor. With all my heart, ile ſit and heare her ſing,
By that time will our booke I thinke be drawne.
Glen. Do ſo, and thoſe muſicions that ſhall play to you,
Hang in the aire a thouſand leagues from hence,
And ſtraight they ſhall be here, ſit and attend,

Hot.

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Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
La. Go, ye giddy goose.

The muſicke playes.

Hot. Now, I perceiue the diuel vnderſtands Welſh,
And t'is no maruaile he is ſo humorous,
Birlady he is a good muſicion.
La. Then ſhould you be nothing but muſicall,
For you are altogether gouerned by humours:
Lie ſtill, ye thiefe, and heare the lady ſing in Welſh.
Hot. I had rather heare, lady, my brache howle in Iriſh.
La. Would'ſt thou haue thy head broken?
Hot. No.
La. Then be ſtill.
Hot. Neither, t'is a womans fault.
La. Now God helpe thee.
Hot. To the Welſh Ladies bed.
La. What's that?
Hot. Peace, ſhe ſings.

Here the Lady ſings a Welſh ſong.

Hot. Come, Kate, ile haue your ſong too.
La. Not mine in good ſooth.
Hot. Not yours in good ſooth? Hart, you ſweare like a comfit-makers wife, not you in good ſooth, and as true as I liue, and as God ſhall mend me, and as ſure as day:
And giueſt ſuch farcenet ſuretie for thy oathes,
As if thou neuer walk'ſt further then Finsburie,
Sweare me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouthfilling oath, and leaue in ſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of pepper ginger bread
To veluet gards, and Sunday Citizens.
Come, ſing.
La. I will not ſing.
Hot. T'is the next way to turne tayler, or be redbreſt teacher: and the indentures be drawne, ile away within theſe two houres, and ſo come in when ye will. *Exit.*
Glen. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as ſlow,
As Hot. Lord Percy, is on fire to goe:

By

By this our booke is drawne, weel'e but ſeale,
And then to horſe immediatly.
Mor. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, giue vs leaue, the Prince of Wales and I,
Muſt haue ſome priuat conference, but be neere at hand,
For we ſhall preſently haue neede of you. *Exeunt Lords.*
I knowe not whether God will haue it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſeruice I haue done,
That in his ſecret doome, out of my blood,
Hee'le breed reuengement and a ſcourge for me:
But thou doeſt in the paſſages of life,
Make me beleeue that thou art onely mark't,
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heauen,
To puniſh my miſtreadings. Tell me elſe,
Could ſuch inordinate and low deſires,
Such poore, ſuch bare, ſuch lewd, ſuch meane attempts,
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſocietie,
As thou art match't withall, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatneſſe of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy princely heart?
Prin. So pleaſe your Maieſtie, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuſe,
As well as I am doubtleſſe I can purge
My ſelfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deuiſde,
Which oft the eare of greatnes needes muſt heare,
By ſmiling pickthanks and baſe newes mongers,
I may for ſome things true, wherein my youth
Hath faltie wandered, and irregular,
Find pardon, on my true ſubmiſsion.
King. God pardon thee, yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors,
Thy place in counſell thou haſt rudely loſt,
Which by thy younger brother is ſupplide,
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts

Of

Of all the Court and princes of my blood,
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the ſoule of euery man
Prophetically doe forethinke thy fall:
Had *I* ſo lauiſh of my preſence beene,
So common hackneid in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheape to vulgar companie,
Opinion that did helpe me to the crowne,
Had ſtill kept loyall to poſſeſsion,
And left me in reputeleſſe baniſhment,
A fellow of no marke nor likelihoode.
By being ſeldome ſeene, *I* could not ſtirre,
But like a Comet, *I* was wondred at,
That men would tell their children, This is he:
Others would ſay, Where, which is Bullingbrooke?
And then I ſtole all courteſie from heauen,
And dreſt my ſelfe in ſuch humilitie,
That I did plucke allegeance from mens hearts,
Loud ſhouts, and ſalutations from their mouths,
Euen in preſence of the crowned King.
Thus did *I* keepe my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence like a robe pontificall,
Ne'r ſeene, but wondred at, and ſo my ſtate
Seldome, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt,
And wan by rareneſſe ſuch ſolemnitie.
The skipping King, he ambled vp and downe,
With ſhallow ieſters, and raſh bauin wits,
Soone kindled, and ſoone burnt, carded his ſtate,
Mingled his royaltie with carping fooles,
Had his great name profhaned with their ſcornes,
And gaue his countenance againſt his name
To laugh at gibing boyes, and ſtand the puſh
Of euery beardleſſe vaine comparatiue,
Grew a companion to the common ſtreetes,
Enfeoft himſelfe to popularitie,
That being dayly ſwallowed by mens eyes,
They ſurfetted with hony, and began to loath
The taſte of ſweeteneſſe, whereof a little

More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occaſion to be ſeene,
He was, but as the Cuckow is in Iune,
Heard, not regarded: ſeene, but with ſuch eyes
As ſicke and blunted with communitie,
Affoord no extraordinary gaze.
Such as is bent on ſun-like Maieſtie,
When it ſhines ſeldome in admiring eyes,
But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and rendred ſuch aſpect
As cloudy men vſe to their aduerſaries,
Being with his preſence glutted, gorgde, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, ſtandeſt thou,
For, thou haſt loſt thy princely priuiledge,
With vile participation. Not an eye,
But is aweary of thy common ſight,
Saue mine, which hath deſired to ſee thee more,
Which now doth that I would not haue it doe,
Make blind it ſelfe with fooliſh tenderneſſe.
Prin. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my ſelfe. *King.* For all the world,
As thou art to this houre, was Richard then,
When I from France ſet foot at Rauenſpurgh,
And euen as I was then, is Percy now:
Now, by my ſcepter, and my ſoule to boote,
He hath more worthie intereſt to the ſtate,
Then thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſsion.
For of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harneſſe in the Realme,
Turns head againſt the Lyons armed iawes,
And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,
Leads ancient Lords, and reuerend Biſhops on
To bloudie battailes, and to bruiſing armes.
What neuer dying honour hath he got,
Againſt renowmed Dowglas? Whoſe high deeds,
Whoſe hot incurſions, and great name in armes,
Holds from all ſouldiours, chiefe maioritie,
And militarie title capitall

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Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Chriſt.
Thrice hath this Hotſpur Mars in ſwathling clothes,
This infant warrier, in his enterpriſes,
Diſcomfited great Douglas, ta'ne him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And ſhake the peace and ſafetie of our throne,
And what ſay you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbiſhops grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate againſt vs, and are vp.
But, wherefore doe I tell theſe newes to thee?
Why, Harry, doe I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neereſt and deareſt enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vaſſall feare,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpléene,
To fight againſt me, vnder Percies pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtſie at his frownes,
To ſhew, how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Do not thinke ſo, you ſhall not find it ſo,
And God forgiue them, that ſo much haue ſwayd
Your Maieſties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on Percies head,
And, in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your ſonne,
When I will weare a garment all of bloud,
And ſtaine my fauors in a bloudy maske,
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcoure my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when e're it lights,
That this ſame child of honour and renowne,
This gallant Hotſpur, this all praiſed knight,
And your vnthought of Harry, chance to meet,
For euery honor, ſitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My ſhames redoubled. For the time will come
That I ſhall make this Northren youth exchange
His glorious deeds, for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord,
To engroſſe vp glorious deeds on my behalfe.

And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render euery glory vp,
Yea, euen the ſleighteſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promiſe here,
The which, if he be pleaſd, I ſhall performe:
I doe beſeech your Maieſty may ſalue
The long growne wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will die, a hundred thouſand deaths,
E're breake the ſmalleſt parcel of this vow.

King. A hundred thouſand rebels die in this,
Thou ſhalt haue charge, & ſoueraigne truſt herein.
How now good Blunt? thy lookes are full of ſpeed.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the buſines, that I come to ſpeake of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath ſent word,
That Douglas and the Engliſh Rebels met,
The eleuenth of this moneth, at Shrewsbury,
A mighty, and a fearefull head they are,
(If promiſes be kept on euery hand,)
As euer offred foule play in a ſtate.

King. The Earle of Weſtmerland ſet forth to day,
With him my ſonne, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter,
For this aduertiſement is fiue dayes old,
On Wedneſday next, Harry, you ſhall ſet forward,
On thurſday, we our ſelues will march. Our meeting
Is Bridgenorth, and Harry, you ſhall march
Through Glocesterſhire, by which account,
Our buſines valued ſome twelue daies hence,
Our generall forces, at Bridgenorth ſhall meet:
Our hands are full of buſines, let's away,
Aduantage feeds him fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardol.

Fal. Bardol, am I not falne away vilely ſince this laſt action? do I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me, like an old Ladies looſe gowne. I am withered like an old apple Iohn. Well, ile repent, and that ſuddenly, while I am in

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ſome liking, I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall haue no ſtrength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inſide of a Church is made of, I am a pepper corne, a brewers horſe, the inſide of a Church. Company, villainous company hath beene the ſpoile of me.

Bar. Sir Iohn, you are ſo fretfull, you can not liue long.

Fal. Why, there is it, come, ſing me a bawdie ſong, make mee merry. I was as vertuouſly giuen, as a gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, ſwore little, dic't not aboue ſeuen times a weeke, went to a bawdy houſe, not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed three or foure times, liued well, and in good compaſſe, and now I liue out of all order, out of all compaſſe.

Bar. Why, you are ſo fat, ſir Iohn, that you muſt needs bee out of all compaſſe: out of all reaſonable compaſſe, ſir Iohn.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and ile amend my life: thou art our Admiral, thou beareſt the lanterne in the poope, but t'is in the noſe of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, ſir Iohn, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, ile bee ſworne, I make as good vſe of it, as many a man doth of a deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer ſee thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and Diues that liued in Purple: for there hee is in his robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuẽ to vertue, I would ſweare by thy face: my othe ſhould bee, By this fire that Gods Angell. But thou art altogether giuen ouer: and wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the ſonne of vtter darkeneſſe. When thou ranſt vp Gads hill in the night, to catch my horſe, if I did not thinke, thou hadſt bin an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchaſe in money. O, thou art a perpetuall triumph, an euerlaſting bon-fire light, thou haſt ſaued me, a thouſand Marks in Links, and Torches, walking with thee in the night, betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: but the ſacke, that thou haſt drunke mee, would haue bought mee lights as good cheape, at the deareſt Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintained that Sallamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. Godamercy, ſo ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burnt.

How

How now, dame Partlet the hen, haue you enquir'd yet who pick't my pocket? *Enter hoſt.*

Hoſ. Why ſir Iohn, what doe you thinke, ſir Iohn? doe you thinke *I* keepe theeues in my houſe? *I* haue ſearch't, *I* haue enquired, ſo has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, ſeruant by ſeruant: the tight of a haire, was neuer loſt in my houſe before.

Falſ. Ye lie, Hoſteſſe, Bardoll was ſhau'd and loſt many a haire: and ile be ſworne, my pocket was pick't: go to, you are a woman, go.

Hoſ. Who, *I*? No, *I* defie thee: Gods light, *I* was neuer cal'd ſo in mine owne houſe before.

Falſ. Go to, *I* know you well inough.

Hoſ. No, ſir Iohn, you do not know me, ſir Iohn: *I* know you ſir Iohn, you owe me money, ſir Iohn, and now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: *I* bought you a douzen of ſhirts to your backe.

Falſ. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: *I* haue giuen them away to Bakers wiues; they haue made boulters of them.

Hoſ. Now as *I* am a true woman, holland of viii.s. an ell: you owe money here beſides, ſir Iohn, for your diet, and by drinkings, and money lent you xxiiii. pound.

Falſ. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hoſ. He? alas, he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How? poore? looke vpon his face. What call you rich? let them coyne his noſe, let them coyne his cheekes, ile not pay a denyer: what, will you make a yonker of mee? ſhall *I* not take mine eaſe in mine Inne, but *I* ſhall haue my pocket pickt? *I* haue loſt a ſeale ring of my grandfathers, worth fortie marke.

Hoſ. O Ieſu! *I* haue heard the Prince tell him, *I* know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Falſ. How? the prince is a Iacke, a ſneakeup: Zblood and he were here, *I* would cudgell him like a dog, if he would ſay ſo.

Enter the prince marching, and Falſtalffe meetes him playing vpon his trunchion, like a fife.

Falſ. How now, lad? is the winde in that doore i faith? muſt we all march?

Bar. Yea, two, and two, Newgate faſhion.

Hoſ. My Lord, *I* pray you heare me.

Prin. What ſaiſt thou, miſtris quickly? how doeth thy husband? *I* loue him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good my Lord, heare me.

Falſ. Prethee let her alone, and liſt to me.

Prin. What ſaiſt thou, Iacke?

Falſ. The other night, *I* fell aſleepe here, behind the Arras, and had my pocket pickt: this houſe is turn'd baudy houſe, they picke pockets.

Prin. What didſt thou loſe, Iacke?

Fal. Wilt thou beleeue me, Hal? three or foure bonds of fortie pound a piece, and a ſeale ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, ſome eight penie matter.

Hoſt. So *I* told him, my Lord, and *I* ſaid, *I* heard your grace ſay ſo: & my lord, he ſpeakes moſt vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and ſaid he would cudgel you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hoſt. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me elſe.

Falſ. There's no more faith in thee, then a ſtued prune, nor no more trueth in thee, then in a drawen foxe, and for womanhood, maid marion may be the deputies wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Hoſt. Say, what thing, what thing?

Falſ. What thing? why a thing to thanke God on.

Hoſ. *I* am nothing to thanke God on, *I* would thou ſhould'ſt know it, I am an honeſt mans wife, and ſetting thy knighthood aſide, thou art a knaue to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aſide, thou art a beaſt to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſ. Say, what beaſt, thou knaue thou?

Falſ. What beaſt? why, an Otter.

Prince. An Otter, ſir Iohn? why an Otter?

Falſ. Why? ſhee's neither fiſh nor fleſh, a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hoſ. Thou art an vniuſt man, in ſaying ſo, thou or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prin. Thou ſayſt true, Hoſteſſe, and hee ſlaunders thee moſt groſſely.

Hoſ. So he doeth you, my Lord, and ſayd this other day, You ought

ought him a thouſand pound.

Prin. Sirra, do I owe you a thouſand pound?

Falſ. A thouſand pound, Hal? a million: thy loue is worth a million: thou oweſt me thy loue.

Hoſ. Nay, my Lord, he cald you Iacke, and ſaide hee would cudgel you.

Falſ. Did I, Bardol?

Bar. Indeed, ſir Iohn, you ſayd ſo.

Falſ. Yea, if he ſaid my ring was copper.

Pri. I ſay 't is copper: dareſt thou be as good as thy word now?

Falſ. Why, Hal? Thou knoweſt as thou art but man *I* dare, but as thou art prince, *I* feare thee as *I* feare the roaring of the Lyons whelpe.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The king himſelfe is to be feared as the Lion: doeſt thou thinke ile feare thee, as *I* feare thy father? nay, and *I* doe, *I* pray God my girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it ſhould, howe would thy guts fall about thy knees? but ſirra, there's no roome for faith, trueth, nor honeſtie, in this boſome of thine. It is all fil'd vp with guttes, and midriffe. Charge an honeſt woman with picking thy pocket? why, thou horeſon impudent imboſt raſcall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but tauerne reckonings, memorandums of baudy houſes, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candie to make thee long winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries but theſe, *I* am a villaine; and yet you will ſtand to it, you wil not pocket vp wrong: art thou not aſhamed?

Fal. Doeſt thou heare, Hal? thou knoweſt in the ſtate of innocencie Adam fell, & what ſhould poore Iacke Falſtalfe do in the dayes of villanie? thou ſeeſt *I* haue more fleſh then another man, & therfore more frailty. You confeſſe the you pickt my pocket,

Prin. It appeares ſo by the ſtorie.

Fal. Hoſteſſe, *I* forgiue thee, goe make ready breakfaſt, loue thy husband, looke to thy ſeruantes, cheriſh thy gheſts, thou ſhalt find me tractable to any honeſt reaſon: thou ſeeſt *I* am pacified ſtill: nay, prethee be gone. *Exit Hoſteſſe.* Now, Hal, to the newes at court for the robbery, lad? how is that anſwered?

Prin.

Prin. O, my ſweete beoffe, *I* muſt ſtill be good angel to thee, the money is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, *I* doe not like that paying backe, t'is a double labour.

Pri. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the firſt thing thou doeſt, and do it with vnwaſh't hands too.

Bar. Do, my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee, Iacke, a charge of foote.

Fal. I would it had been of horſe. Where ſhal I finde one that can ſteale well? O, for a fine thiefe of the age of xxii. or thereabouts; I am hainouſly vnprouided. Well, God be thanked for theſe rebels, they offend none but the vertuous; *I* laude them, I prayſe them. *Prin.* Bardoll. *Bar.* My Lord.

Pri. Go, beare this letter to Lord Iohn of Lancaſter,
To my brother Iohn, this, to my lord of Weſtmerland.
Go, Peto, to horſe, to horſe, for thou and *I*
Haue thirtie miles to ride yet e're dinner time:
Iacke, meete me to morrow in the temple hall
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There ſhalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, Percy ſtands on high,
And either we or they muſt lower lie.

Fal. Rare words, braue world. Hoſteſſe, my breakefaſt, come,
Oh, I could wiſh this tauerne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, and Douglas.

Hot. Well ſaid, my noble Scot, if ſpeaking truth
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the Douglas haue,
As not a ſouldior of this ſeaſons ſtampe,
Should go ſo generall currant through the world:
By God, I cannot flatter, *I* defie
The tongues of ſoothers, but a brauer place
In my hearts loue hath no man then your ſelfe:
Nay, taske me to my word, approoue me, Lord.

Douglas. Thou art the King of honour,
No man ſo potent breathes vpon the ground,
But I will beard him. *Enter one with letters.*

Hot.

Hot. Doe ſo, and t'is well: What letters haſt thou there?
I can but thanke you.

Meſ. Theſe letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himſelfe?

Meſ. He cannot come, my Lord, he is grieuous ſicke.

Hot. Zounds, how has he the leiſure to be ſicke
In ſuch a iuſtling time? who leads his power?
Vnder whoſe gouernment come they along?

Meſ. His letters beares his mind, not I my mind.

Wor. I prethee, tell me, doth he keepe his bed?

Meſ. He did, my Lord, foure dayes e're I ſet forth,
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much feard by his Phiſicions.

Wor. I would the ſtate of time had firſt bin whole,
E're he by ſickneſſe had bin viſited:
His health was neuer better worth then now.

Hot. Sicke now, droope now: this ſickneſs doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterpriſe,
'Tis catching hither, euen to our campe:
He writes me here, that inward ſickneſſe,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not ſo ſoone be drawn, nor did he think it meet,
To lay ſo dangerous and deare a truſt
On any ſoule remou'd, but on his owne,
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertiſement,
That with our ſmall coniunction, we ſhould on,
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'd to vs:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Becauſe the king is certainly poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes: what ſay you to it?

Wor. Your fathers ſickneſſe is a maime to vs.

Hot. A perilous gaſh, a very limme lopt off,
And yet, in faith, it is not his preſent want
Seemes more, then we ſhall find it: were it good,
To ſet the exact wealth of all our ſtates,
All at one caſt? to ſet ſo rich a maine,
On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre?
It were not good, for therein ſhould we read

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The very bottome and the soule of hope,
The very list, the very vtmost bound
Of all our fortunes.
Doug. Faith, and so we should,
Where now remaines a sweet reuersion,
We may boldly spend, vpon the hope, of what t'is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lues in this.
Hot. A randeuous, a home to flie vnto,
If that the Diuell and mischance looke big
Vpon the maiden-head of our affaires.
Wor. But yet I would your father had bin here:
The qualitie and haire of our attempt
Brookes no diuision, it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisedome, loyaltie, and meere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence,
And thinke, how such an apprehension
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For, well you know, we of the offring side,
Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, euery loope, from whence
The eye of reason may prie in vpon vs.
This absence of your fathers drawes a curtaine,
That shewes the ignorant, a kind of feare
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You straine too far.
I rather of his absence make this vse,
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Then if the Earle were here: for men must thinke,
If we without his helpe can make a head
To push against a kingdome, with his helpe
We shall o'erturne it, topsie turuy downe,
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.
Doug. As heart can thinke, there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this tearme of feare.

Enter Sir Ri. Vernon.

Hot. My cosen Vernon, welcome by my soule.
Ver. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earle of Westmerland, seuen thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards, with Prince Iohn.
Hot. No harme, what more?
Ver. And further I haue learnd,
The King himselfe in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He shal be welcome too: where is his sonne,
The nimble footed madcap, Prince of Wales?
And his Cumrades, that daft the world aside,
And bid it passe?
Ver. All furnisht, all in Armes:
All plumde like Estridges, that with the wind
Baited like Eagles hauing lately bath'd,
Glittering in golden coats like images,
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sunne at Midsomer,
Wanton as youthfull goates, wild as young buls:
I saw young Harry with his beuer on,
His cushes on his thighs, gallantly armde,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an Angel dropt downe from the clouds,
To turne and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.
Hot. No more, no more, worse then the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues, let them come,
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyd maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altars sit
Vp to the eares in bloud. I am on fire
To heare this rich reprizall is so nigh,
And yet not ours: Come, let me taste my horse,
Who is to beare me like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales,

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Harry to Harry, ſhall hot horſe to horſe
Meet, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe:
Oh, that Glendower were come.
Ver. There is more newes,
I learnd in Worceſter, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes.
Doug. That's the worſt tidings, that I heare of it.
Wor. I, by my faith, that beares a frosty ſound.
Hot. What may the kings whole battel reach vnto?
Ver. To thirty thouſand.
Hot. Forty let it be,
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of vs may ſerue ſo great a day.
Come, let vs take a muſter ſpeedily,
Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.
Doug. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtalffe, and Bardoll.

Falſt. Bardol, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a bottle of Sacke, our ſouldiours ſhall march through. Wee'le to Sutton cophill to night.
Bar. Will you giue me money, Captaine?
Fal. Lay out, lay out.
Bar. This bottle makes an angell.
Fal. And if it doe, take it for thy labour, and if it make twenty, take them all, ile anſwere the coynage, bid my Lieutenant Peto meet me at Townes end.
Bar. I will, Captaine, farewell. *Exit.*
Fal. If I be not aſhamed of my ſouldiers, I am a ſoue't gurnet, I haue miſuſed the kings preſſe damnably. I haue got in exchange of 150. ſouldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I preſſe me none, but good houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted batchelers, ſuch as had beene askt twice on the banes, ſuch a commoditie of warme ſlaues, as had as lieue heare the Diuell, as a drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worſe thē a ſtrooke foule, or a hurt wild-ducke: I preſt me none, but ſuch toſts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then pinnes heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices, and now,

now, my whole charge conſiſts of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, ſlaues as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the gluttons dogs licked his ſores: and ſuch as indeed were neuer ſouldiers, but diſcarded, vniuſt ſeruingmen, yonger ſonnes to yonger brothers, reuolted tapſters, and Oſtlers tradefalne, the cankers of a calme world, and a long peace, ten times more diſhonourable ragged, then an olde fazd ancient, and ſuch haue I, to fill vp the roomes of them as haue bought out their ſeruices, that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie tottered prodigals, lately come from ſwine keeping, from eating draffe and huſks. A mad fellowe met mee on the way, and told me I had vnloaded all the Gibbets, and preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeene ſuch skarcrowes. Ile not march through Couentry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villaines march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had giues on, for indeede, I had the moſt of them out of priſon, there's not a ſhirt and a halfe in all my companie, and the halfe ſhirt is two napkins tack't together, and throwne ouer the ſhoulders like a Heralds coate without ſleeues, and the ſhirt, to ſay the trueth, ſtolne from my hoſt at S. Albones, or the red-noſe Inkeeper of Daintry, but that's all one, thei'le finde linnen inough on euery hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Prin. How now, blowne Iacke? how now, quilt?
Fal. What, Hal? how now, mad wag? what a diuel doſt thou in Warwickſhire? My good L. of Weſtmerland, I cry you mercie, I thought your honour had alreadie bene at Shrewsburie.
West. Faith, ſir Iohn, t'is more then time that I were there, and you too, but my powers are there already: the king I can tel you, lookes for vs all, we muſt away all night.
Falſ. Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to ſteale Creame.
Prin. I thinke to ſteale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter: but tell me, Iacke, whoſe fellowes are theſe that come after?
Falſ. Mine, Hal, mine.
Prin. I did neuer ſee ſuch pitifull raſcals.
Fal. Tut, tut, good inough to toſſe, foode for powder, foode

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for powder, thel'lefill a pit as well as a better: tuſh man, mortall men, mortall men.

Weſt. I, but, ſir Iohn, me thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare: too beggerly.

Fal. Faith, for their pouertie *I* know not where they had that: and for their bareneſſe *I* am ſure they neuer learn't that of me.

Pri. No, ile be ſworne, vnleſſe you cal three fingers in the ribs bare: but ſirra, make haſte, Percy is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What, is the king incamp't?

Weſt. He is, ſir Iohn, *I* feare we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well, to the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feaſt, fits a dull fighter, and a keene gheſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Wee'le fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You giue him then aduantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why, ſay you ſo? looke's he not for ſupply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good cooſen be aduis'd, ſtir not to night.

Ver. Do not, my Lord.

Doug. You doe not counſell well:
You ſpeake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no ſlander, Douglas, by my life,
And *I* dare well maintaine it with my life,
If well reſpected honor bid me on,
I hold as little counſel with weake feare,
As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues:
Let be ſeene to morrow in the battell, which of vs feares.

Doug. Yea, or to night. *Ver.* Content.

Hot. To night, ſay *I*.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being men of ſuch great leading as you are,
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine horſe
Of my cooſen Vernons are not yet come vp,

Your

Your Vncle Worceſters horſes came but to day,
And now their pride and metall is alleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horſe is halfe the halfe of himſelfe.

Hot. So are the horſes of the enemie,
In generall iourney bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth our:
For Gods ſake, cooſen, ſtay till all come in.

The trumpet ſounds a parley. Enter ſir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchſafe me hearing, and reſpect.

Hot. Welcome, ſir Walter Blunt: and would to God
You were of our determination;
Some of vs loue you well, and euen thoſe ſome
Enuy your great deſeruings and good name,
Becauſe you are not of our qualitie,
But ſtand againſt vs like an enemie.

Blunt. And God defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You ſtand againſt anointed maieſtie.
But to my charge. The king hath ſent to know
The nature of your grieues, and whereupon
You coniure from the breaſt of ciuill peace,
Such bold hoſtilitie, teaching his dutious land
Audatious crueltie. If that the king
Haue any way your good deſerts forgot
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your grieues, and with all ſpeede,
You ſhall haue your deſires with intereſt
And pardon abſolute for your ſelfe, and theſe
Herein miſled by your ſuggeſtion.

Hot. The king is kind: and wel we know, the king
Knowes at what time to promiſe, when to pay:
My father, and my vncle, and my ſelfe,
Did giue him that ſame royaltie he weares,
And when he was not ſixe and twentie ſtrong,
Sicke in the worlds regard, wretched and low,

A

A poore vnminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gaue him welcome to the shore:
And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his liuery, and beg his peace
With teares of innocencie, and tearmes of zeale,
My father in kinde heart and pittie mou'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords, and Barons of the realme,
Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him,
The more and lesse came in with cap and knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oathes,
Gaue him their heires, as Pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
He presently, as greatnes knowes it selfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked shore at Rauenspurgh,
And now forsooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and some streight decrees
That lie too heauie on the Common-wealth,
Cryes out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe
Ouer his Countrie wrongs, and by this face,
This seeming brow of iustice, did he winne
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the fauourites that the absent king
In deputation left behinde him here,
When he was personall in the Irish warre.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hot. Then to the point.
In short time after, he depos'd the king,
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,
And in the necke of that, task't the whole state:
To make that worse, suffred his kinsman March,
(Who is, if euery owner were well plac'd,

Indeede

Indeed his king) to be ingag'd in Wales,
There without ransome to lie forfeited,
Disgrac't me in my happie victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated mine vnkle from the counsell boord,
In rage dismisd my father from the Court,
Broke othe on othe, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion, droue vs to seeke out
This head of safetie, and withall to prie
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this answere to the king?

Hot. Not so, sir Walter. Wee'le withdraw a while.
Go to the King, and let there be impawnd
Some suretie for a safe returne againe,
And in the morning early shall mine vnkle
Bring him our purposes, and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and loue.

Hot. And may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you doe.

Enter Archbishop of Yorke, and Sir Mighel.

Arch. Hie, good sir Mighel, beare this sealed briefe
With winged haste to the Lord Marshall,
This to my cosen Scroope, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they doe import, you would make haste.

Sir M. My good Lord, I gesse their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you doe.
To morrow, good sir Mighell, is a day,
Wherein, the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch. For sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truely giuen to vnderstand,
The king with mighty and quicke raised power,
Meetes with Lord Harry: And I feare, sir Mighell,
What with the sickenesse of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendowers absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too,

And

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And comes not in, ouer-rulde by prophecies,
I feare, the power of Percy is too weake,
To wage an inſtant triall with the king.
Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worceſter, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble gentlemen.
Arch. And ſo there is, but yet the king hath drawne
The ſpeciall head of all the land together.
The Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter,
The noble Weſtmerland, and warlike Blunt,
And many mo coriuals and deare men
Of eſtimation, and command in armes.
Sir M. Doubt not, my L. they ſhall be well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no leſſe, yet, needfull 'tis to feare,
And to preuent the worſt, ſir Mighel, ſpeed:
For if Lord Percy thriue not, ere the king
Diſmiſſe his power, he meanes to viſit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacie,
And, 'tis but wiſedome, to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt goe write againe to
To other friends, and ſo farewell, ſir Mighel. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falſtaffe.

King. How bloudily the ſunne begins to peare
Aboue yon busky hill, the day lookes pale
At his diſtemprature.
Prin. The Southren wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And, by his hollow whiſtling in the leaues,
Foretels a tempeſt and a bluſtring day.
King. Then, with the loſers let it ſimpathize,
For nothing can ſeeme foule to thoſe that winne.

The trumpet ſounds, Enter Worceſter.

King. How now, my Lord of Worceſter? 'tis not wel,
That you and I ſhould meet vpon ſuch tearmes

As now we meet. You haue deceiu'd our truſt,
And made vs doffe our eaſie robes of peace,
To cruſh our old limmes in vngentle ſteele:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to it? will you againe vnknit
This churliſh knot of all abhorred war?
And moue in that obedient orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigie of feare, and a portent
Of broched miſchiefe to the vnborne times?
Wor. Heare me, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content,
To entertaine the lag end of my life
With quiet houres. For I proteſt,
I haue not ſought the day of this diſlike.
King. You haue not ſought it: how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prin. Peace, chewet, peace.
Wor. It pleas'd your maieſtie to turne your lookes
Of fauour, from my ſelfe, and all our houſe,
And yet I muſt remember you, my Lord:
We were the firſt and deareſt of your friends,
For you my ſtaffe of office did I breake
In Richards time, and poſted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiſſe your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate as I.
It was my ſelfe, my brother and his ſonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdate
The dangers of the time. You ſwore to vs,
And you did ſweare that oathe at Dancaſter,
That you did nothing purpoſe gainſt the ſtate,
Nor claime no further, then your new falne right,
The ſeat of Gaunt, Dukedome of Lancaſter:
To this, we ſwore our aid: but in ſhort ſpace
It raind downe fortune ſhowring on your head,
And ſuch a floud of greatneſſe fell on you,

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What with our helpe, what with the abſent king,
What with the iniuries of a wanton time,
The ſeeming ſufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his vnlucky Iriſh wars,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this ſwarme of faire aduantages,
You tooke occaſion to be quickly wooed
To gripe the generall ſway into your hand,
Forgot your othe to vs at Dancaſter,
And being fed by vs, you vſ'd vs ſo,
As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes bird
Vſeth the ſparrow, did oppreſſe our neaſt,
Grew by our feeding to ſo great a bulke,
That euen our loue durſt not come neer your ſight,
For feare of ſwallowing: but with nimble wing
We were enforc't for ſafety ſake, to flie
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent head,
Whereby we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch meanes,
As you your ſelfe haue forg'd againſt your ſelfe
By vnkind vſage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworne to vs in your yonger enterprize.

King. Theſe things indeed you haue articulate,
Proclaimed at market Croſſes, read in Churches,
To face the garment of rebellion,
With ſome fine colour that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle changelings and poore diſcontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly innouation,
And neuer yet did inſurrection want
Such water colours, to impaint his cauſe,
Nor moody beggars, ſtaruing for a time,
Of pell mell hauocke and confuſion.

Prin. In both your armies there is many a ſoule,
Shall pay full dearely for this encounter,
If once they ioyne in triall, tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth ioyne with all the world

In

In praiſe of Henry Percie, by my hopes
This preſent interpriſe ſet of his head,
I doe not thinke a brauer Gentleman,
More actiue, valiant, or more valiant yong,
More daring, or more bold is now aliue,
To grace this latter age with noble deedes:
For my part, I may ſpeake it to my ſhame,
I haue a truant bene to chiualrie,
And ſo I heare, he doth account me too;
Yet this before my fathers maieſtie,
I am content, that he ſhall take the oddes
Of his great name and eſtimation,
And will, to ſaue the blood on either ſide,
Try fortune with him, in ſingle fight.

King. And prince of Wales, ſo dare we venture thee,
Albeit, conſiderations infinite
Do make againſt it: no good Worceſter, no:
We loue our people well, euen thoſe we loue
That are miſled vpon your cooſens part,
And will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea euery man
Shall be my friend againe, and ile be his,
So tell your cooſen, and bring me word
What he will doe. But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on vs,
And they ſhall doe their office. So be gone:
We will not now be troubled with replie,
We offer faire, take it aduiſedly. *Exit Worceſter.*

Prin. It will not be accepted on my life,
The Douglas and the Hotſpur both together,
Are confident againſt the world in armes.

King. Hence therefore, euery leader to his charge,
For on their anſwere, will we ſet on them,
And God befriend vs, as our cauſe is iuſt. *Exeunt: manent*
Fal. Hal, if thou ſee me downe in the battell *Prin. Falſt.*
And beſtride me, ſo, t'is a poynt of friendſhip.

Prin. Nothing but a Coloſſus can doe thee that friendſhip,
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

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Falſ. I would it were bed time, Hal, and all well.

Prince. Why? thou oweſt God a death.

Falſ. T'is not due yet, I would be loth to pay him, before his day: what needs I be ſo forward with him that cals not on me? Well, t'is no matter, honor pricks me on: yea, but how if honor pricke me off when I come on? how then? can honor ſet to a leg? no: or an arme? no: or take away the griefe of a wound? no: honor hath no skill in ſurgery then? no: What is honour? a worde: what is in that word? honor: what is that honour? aire: a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wedneſday, doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: t'is inſenſible then? yea: to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not ſuffer it, therefore ile none of it, honor is a meere skutchion, and ſo ends my Catechiſme. *Exit.*

Enter Worceſter, and ſir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my nephew muſt not know, ſir Richard,
The liberall kinde offer of the king.

Ver. T'were beſt he did.

Wor. Then are we all vnder one.
It is not poſſible: it cannot be
The king ſhould keepe his word in louing vs,
He will ſuſpect vs ſtill, and finde a time
To puniſh this offence in other faults,
Suppoſition, al our lines ſhall be ſtucke full of eyes,
For treaſon is but truſted like the Foxe,
Who neuer ſo taine, ſo cheriſh't and lockt vp,
Will haue a wilde tricke of his anceſters:
Looke how we can, or ſad, or merily;
Interpretation will miſquote our lookes,
And we ſhall feed like oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſht, ſtill the neerer death.
My nephewes treſpaſſe may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of priuiledge,
A hair-braind Hotſpur gouern'd by a ſpleene:
All his offences liue vpon my head
And on his fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,

We as the ſpring of all ſhall pay for all:
Therefore good cooſen, let not Harry know,
In any caſe the offer of the king. *Enter Hotſpur.*

Ver. Deliuer what you will, ile ſay t'is ſo. Here comes your cooſe.

Hot. My vncle is return'd.
Deliuer vp my Lord of Weſtmerland.
Vncle, what newes.

Wor. The king will bid you battel preſently.

Doug. Defie him by the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, goe you and tell him ſo.

Dou. Marry and ſhal, and very willingly. *Exit Doug.*

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our grieuances,
Of his oth breaking, which he mended thus
By now forſwearing that he is forſworne,
He call vs, rebels, traitors, and will ſcourge
With hautie armes, this hatefull name in vs. *Enter Douglas.*

Dou. Arme, gentlemen, to armes: for I haue throwne
A braue defiance in king Henries teeth,
And Weſtmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which cannot chuſe but bring him quickely on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales ſtept forth before the king,
And, nephew, chaleng'd you to ſingle fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to day,
But I and Harry Monmouth: tell me, tell me,
How ſhewed his talking? ſeemd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my ſoule I neuer in my life,
Did heare a chalenge vrg'd more modeſtly,
Vnleſſe a brother ſhould a brother dare,
To gentle exerciſe and proofe of Armes.
He gaue you all the duties of a man,
Trim'd vp your praiſes with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your deſeruings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better then his prayſe,
By ſtill diſpraiſing praiſe valued with you,
And which became him like a prince indeed,

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He made a bluſhing citall of himſelfe.
And chid his truant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſtred there a double ſpirit
Of teaching and of learning inſtantly:
There did he pauſe; but let me tell the world,
If he outliue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe ſo ſweete a hope
So much miſconſtured in his wantonneſſe.
Hot. Cooſen, I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any prince ſo wild a libertie:
But be he as he will, yet once e're night,
I will imbrace him with a ſouldiers arme,
That he ſhall ſhrinke vnder my courteſie.
Arme, arme with ſpeed and fellowes, ſouldiers, friendes,
Better conſider what you haue to do,
Then I that haue not wel the gift of tongue
Can lift your blood vp with perſwaſion. *Enter a meſſenger.*
Meſ. My Lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I can not read them now.
O, Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort:
To ſpend that ſhortnes baſely, were too long,
If life did ride vpon a dials point,
Still ending at the arriuall of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to tread on kings,
If die, braue death when princes die with vs.
Now for our conſciences, the armes are faire,
When the intent of bearing them is iuſt. *Enter another.*
Meſ. My Lord, prepare, the king comes on apace.
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I profeſſe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his beſt: and here draw I a ſword,
Whoſe temper I intend to ſtaine
With the beſt blood that I can meet withall,
In the aduenture of this perilous day.
Now eſperance Percy, and ſet on,
Sound all the loftie inſtruments of war,
And by that Muſicke let vs all embrace,

For

For heauen to earth, ſome of vs neuer ſhall
A ſecond time doe ſuch a courteſie.
Here they embrace, the trumpets ſound, the king enters with his power, alarme to the battell, then enter Douglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.
Blunt. What is thy name, that in battell thus thou croſſeſt me?
What honour doſt thou ſeeke vpon my head?
Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas,
And I doe haunt thee in the battell thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me that thou art a king.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Doug. The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought
Thy likeneſſe, for in ſtead of thee, King Harry,
This ſword hath ended him, ſo ſhall it thee,
Vnleſſe thou yeeld thee as my priſoner.
Blunt. I was not borne a yeelder, thou proud Scot:
And thou ſhalt find a king that will reuenge
Lord Staffords death.
They fight, Douglas kils Blunt; then enter Hotſpur.
Hot. O Douglas, hadſt thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I neuer had triumpht vpon a Scot.
Doug. Als done, als won; here breathles lyes the king.
Hot. Where? *Doug.* Here.
Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well,
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably furniſh't like the king himſelf.
Doug. Ah foole, goe with thy ſoule whither it goes,
A borrowed title haſt thou bought too deare.
Why didſt thou tel me, that thou wert a king?
Hot. The king hath many marching in his coates.
Doug. Now by my ſword, I will kill all his coates:
Ile murther all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Vntill I meete the king. *Hot.* Vp, and away,
Our ſouldiers ſtand full fairely for the day.
Alarme, Enter Falſtaffe ſolus.
Fal. Though I could ſcape ſhot-free at London, I feare the
ſhot here, here's no ſcoring but vpō the pate. Soft, who are you?
ſir Walter Blunt, ther's honor for you, here's no vanity: I am as

 hot

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hot as molten lead, & as heauy too: God keepe lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels. I haue led my rag of Muffins where they are pepperd: there's not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to beg during life: but who comes here? *Enter the Prince.*

Prin. What, ſtandſt thou idle here? lend me thy ſword. Many a noble man lies ſtarke and ſtiffe, Vnder the hooues of vaunting enemies, Whoſe deaths are yet vnreuēg'd. I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: Turke Gregorie neuer did ſuch deeds in armes, as I haue done this day, I haue paid Percy, I haue made him ſure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee: I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be aliue, thou getſt not my ſword, but take my piſtol if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me: what? is it in the caſe?

Fal. I Hal, t'is hot, t'is hot, there's that will ſacke a Citie.

The Prince drawes it out, and finds it to be a bottle of Sacke.

Prin. What, is it a time to ieſt and dally now?

He throwes the bottle at him. *Exit.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be aliue, ile pierce him, if he doe come in my way: ſo, if hee doe not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as ſir Walter hath: giue me life, which if I can ſaue, ſo: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and there's an end.

Alarme, excurſions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, and Earle of Weſtmerland.

King. I prethee Harry, withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, go you with him.

P. *Iohn.* Not I, my Lord, vnleſſe I did bleed too.

Prin. I beſeech your Maieſtie, make vp, Leaſt your retirement doe amaze your friends. (tent.

King. I will doe ſo: my Lord of Weſtmerland, lead him to his

Weſt. Come, my Lord, ile lead you to your tent.

Prin. Lead me, my Lord? I doe not need your helpe, And God forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould driue

The

The Prince of Wales from ſuch a field as this, Where ſtain'd nobilitie lies troden on, And rebels armes triumph in maſſacres.

Ioh. We breathe too long, come, coſen Weſtmerland, Our duetie this way lies: For Gods ſake come.

Prin. By God, thou haſt deceiu'd me, Lancaſter, I did not thinke thee Lord of ſuch a ſpirit: Before, I lou'd thee as a brother Iohn, But now, I doe reſpect thee as my ſoule.

King. I ſaw him holde Lord Percy at the point, With luſtier maintenance then I did looke for Of ſuch an vngrowne warrior.

Prin. O, this boy lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*

Doug. Another king, they grow like Hydras heads, I am the Douglas, fatall to all thoſe That weare thoſe colours on them. What art thou That counterfetſt the perſon of a king?

Kin. The king himſelf, who Douglas grieues at heart, So many of his ſhadowes thou haſt met And not the very king: I haue two boyes Seeke Percie and thy ſelfe about the field, But ſeeing thou falſt on me ſo luckily, I will aſſay thee, and defend thy ſelfe.

Doug. I feare thou art another counterfet, And yet, in faith, thou beareſt thee like a king, But mine, I am ſure, thou art, who er'e thou be: And thus I winne thee.

They fight, the King being in danger, Enter Prince of Wales.

Prin. Hold vp thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like Neuer to hold it vp againe, the ſpirits Of valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blunt, are in my armes: It is the Prince of Wales, that threatens thee, Who neuer promiſeth, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Douglas flieth.

Cheerely, my Lord, how fares your grace? Sir Nicholas Gawſey hath for ſuccour ſent, And ſo hath Clifton: ile to Clifton ſtraight.

King. Stay, and breathe a while:

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Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,
And shew'd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.
Prin. O God, they did me too much iniurie,
That euer said, I harkened for your death.
If it were so, I might haue let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas ouer you,
Which would haue beene as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sau'd the trecherous labour of your sonne.
King. Make vp to Clifton, ile to S. Nicholas Gawsey. *Exit King.*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
Prin. Thou speakst, as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is Harry Percy.
Prin. Why, then I see a very valiant rebell of the name.
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keepe not their motion in one sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double raigne
Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.
Hot. Now, shall it, Harry? for the houre is come,
To end the one of vs, and would to God
Thy name in armes, were now as great as mine.
Prin. Ile make it greater, e're I part from thee,
And all the budding honours on thy crest,
Ile crop to make a garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight: Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Well said, Hal, to it, Hal. Nay, you shall find no boyes play here, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas, he fighteth with Falstaffe, he falls downe as if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.

Hot. Oh Harry, thou hast rob'd me of my youth,
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then those proud titles thou hast won of me,

They

They wound my thoughts, worse then thy sword my flesh:
But thought's the slaue of life, and life time's foole,
And time that takes survay of all the world,
Must haue a stop. O, I could prophecie,
But that the earth and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no Percy, thou art dust
And food for.
Prin. For wormes, braue Percy. Fare thee well, great heart,
Ill weau'd ambition, howe much art thou shrunke:
When that this body did containe a spirit,
A kingdome for it was too small a bound,
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is roome inough: this earth that beares the dead,
Beares not aliue so stoute a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of curtesie,
I should not make so great a shew of zeale:
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe ile thanke my selfe,
For doing these faire rites of tenderneſſe.
Adiew, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,
Thy ignominy sleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

He spieth Falstaffe on the ground.

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keepe in a little life? poore Iacke, farewell,
I could haue better spar'd a better man.
O, I should haue a heauie misse of thee,
If I were much in loue with vanitie:
Death hath not strooke so faire a Deere to day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Inbowel'd will I see thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble Percie lie. *Exit.*

Falstaffe riseth vp.

Fal. Inbowel'd? if thou inbowel me to day, ile giue you leaue to powder me and eate me too to morrowe. Zblood, tw'as time to counterfet, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfet? I lie, I am no counterfet: to die is to bee a counterfet, for he is but the counterfet of a man, who hath not

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the [illegible] man: but to counterfet dying when a man thereby liueth, is to be no counterfet, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part I haue saued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how if he should cōterfet too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid hee would proue the better counterfet: therefore ile make him sure, yea and ile sweare I kild him. Why may not he rise aswell as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes vp Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaster.

Pri. Come, brother Iohn, ful brauely hast thou flesh't
Thy mayden sword.

Iohn. But soft, whom haue we heare?
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathles and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eiesight?
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eies
Without our eares, thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I bee not Iacke Falstalffe, then am I a Iacke: there is Percie, if your father will doe me any honour, so: if not, let him kill the next Percie himselfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure y[illegible]

Prin. Why, Percie I kild myselfe, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is giuen to lying. I graunt you, I was downe, and out of breath, and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by Shrewesburie clocke, if I may be beleeu'd so: if not, let them that should rewarde valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh: if the man were aliue, and would denie it, Zoūds I would make him eate a piece of my sword.

Iohn. This is the strangest tale, that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest fellow, brother Iohn,
Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe.

For

For my part, if a lie may doe thee grace,
Ile guild it with the happiest termes I haue.

A retraite is sounded.

Prin. The Trumpet sounds retrait, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let vs to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt.*

Fal. Ile follow, as they say, for reward. Hee that rewardes me, God reward him. If I doe growe great, ile growe lesse, for ile purge and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanely as a noble man should do. *Exit.*

The Trumpets sound. Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester, and Vernon, prisoners.

King. Thus euer did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill spirited Worcester, did not we send grace,
Pardon, and termes of loue to all of you?
And wouldst thou turne our offers contrary,
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsmans trust?
Three knights vpon our partie slaine to day,
A noble Earle and many a creature else,
Had bene aliue this houre,
If like a Christian thou hadst truely borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my safety vrg'd mee to:
And I imbrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded it fals on me.

King. Beare Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause vpon.
How goes the field?

Prin. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percie slaine, and all his men
Vpon the foote of feare, fled with the rest:
And falling from a hill, he was so brus'd,
That the pursuers tooke him. At my tent
The Douglas is: and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

King.

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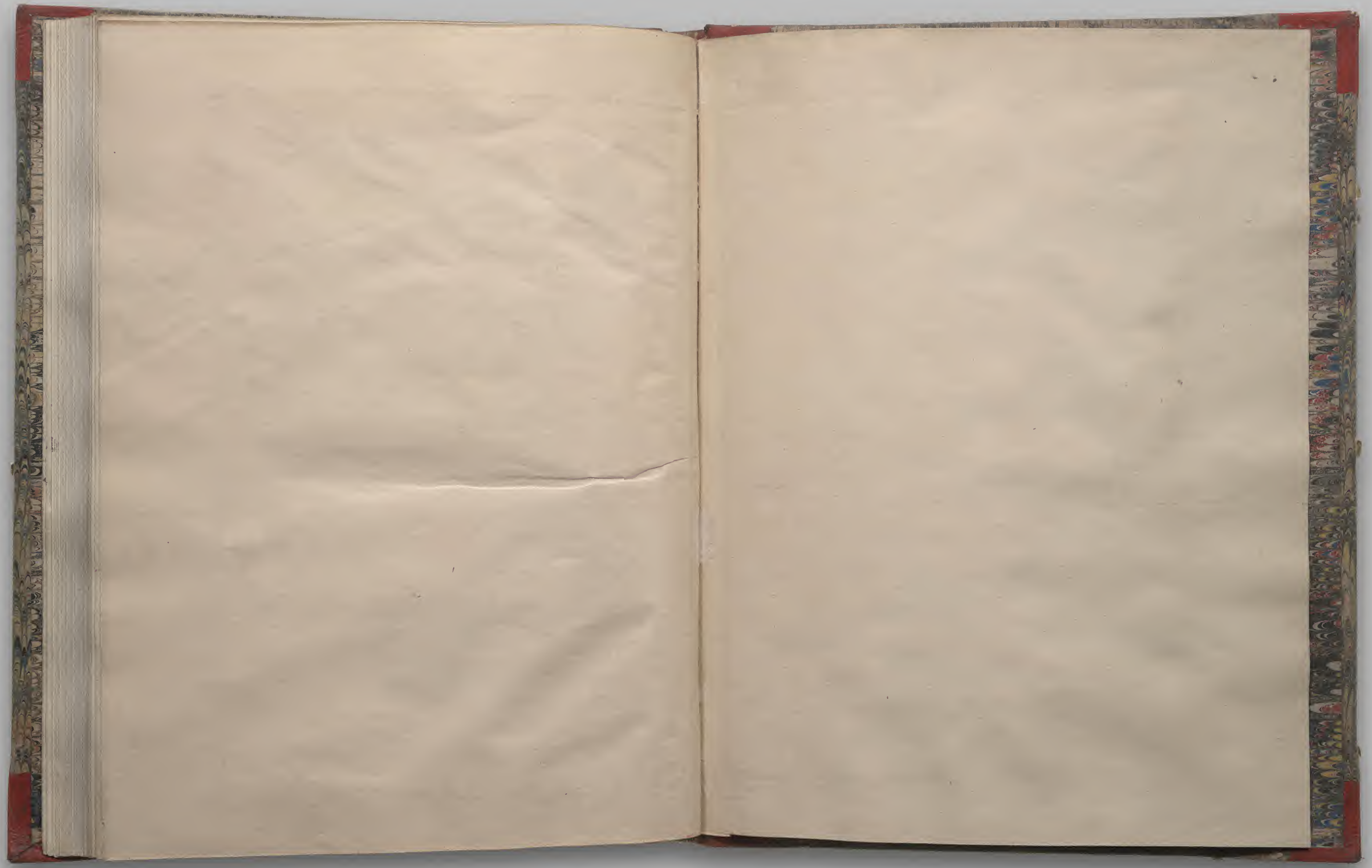
King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then, brother Iohn of Lancaſter,
To you this honourable bounty ſhall belong,
Goe to the Douglas, and deliuer him
Vp to his pleaſure, ranſomeleſſe and free:
His valours ſhew'n vpon our Creſts to day,
Haue taught vs how to cheriſh ſuch high deeds,
Euen in the boſome of our aduerſaries.

Iohn. I thanke your grace for this high curteſie,
Which I ſhall giue away immediatly.

King. Then this remaines, that we deuide our power,
You ſonne Iohn, and my cooſen Weſtmerland
Towards Yorke ſhall bend, you with your deereſt ſpeed
To meet Northumberland and the Prelate Scroope,
Who, as we heare, are buſily in armes:
My ſelfe, and you, ſonne Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earle of March.
Rebellion in this land ſhall loſe his ſway,
Meeting the checke of ſuch another day.
And, ſince this buſineſſe ſo faire is done,
Let vs not leaue, till all our owne be won. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.



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